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The Sketch

Coronation Festivities

2836 Vol. CCXVIII

JUNE 17, 1953

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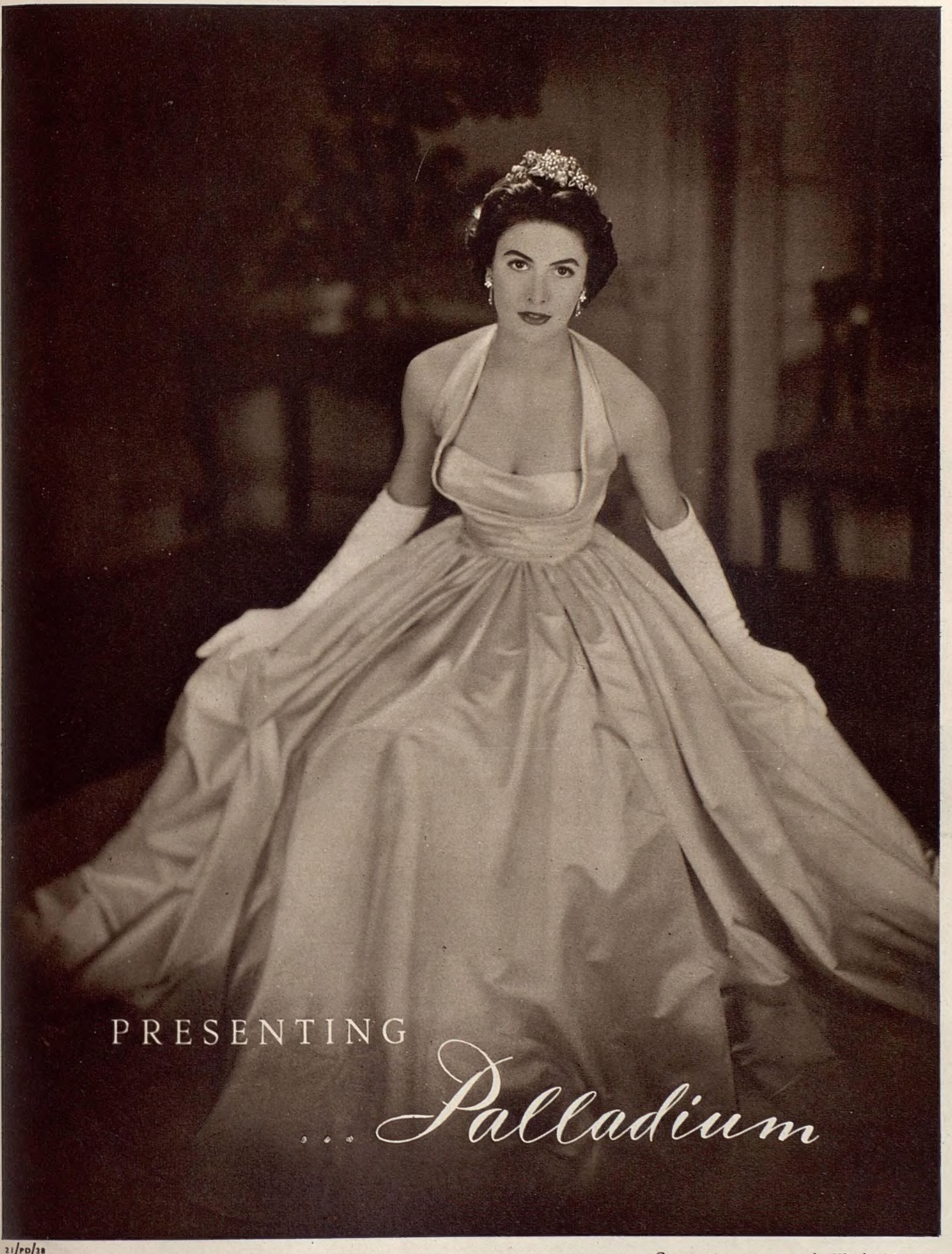

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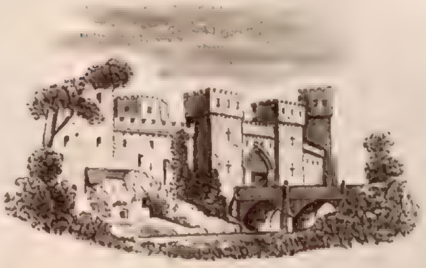

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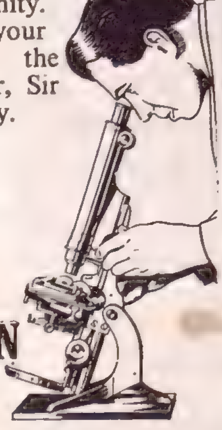

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AS HISTORY TURNS ANOTHER PAGE

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MR. PEPYS SEES THE CORONATION

JUNE 2nd, 1953

Up betimes to don new wig and hose in honour of this so great occasion. Every manner of people in the streets this day yet but one emotion manifest in the gait and features of all, an affectionate but reverent joy fixed on the person of their Queen. Payed 5s. to a street trader for an orange box and from this mercantile eminence did survey the passing show as from a grand stand. Never was money put to better account. So many jewels and ornaments of every land, yet did our Queen outshine them all in majesty. And so to bed — to dream upon this new Elizabethan age.

With apologies to Mr. Pepys, who in the reign of Charles II was a customer of Humphrey Stokes the goldsmith at the sign of the Black Horse in Lombard Street, where now stands the Head Office of Lloyds Bank.

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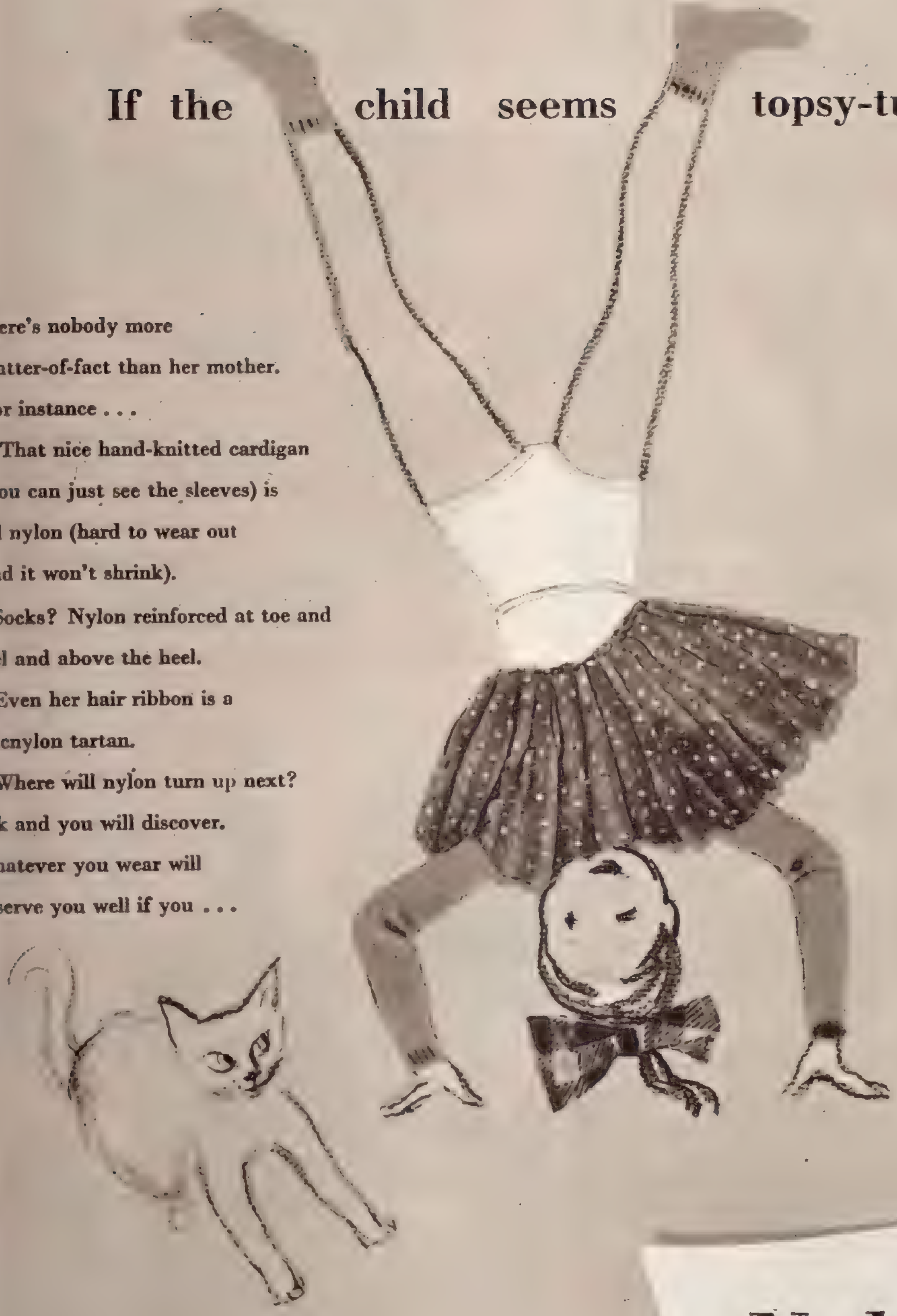

there's nobody more matter-of-fact than her mother. For instance . . .

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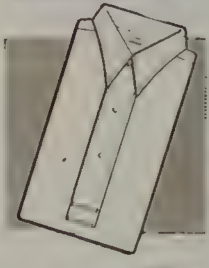

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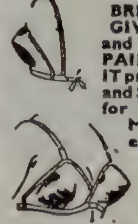

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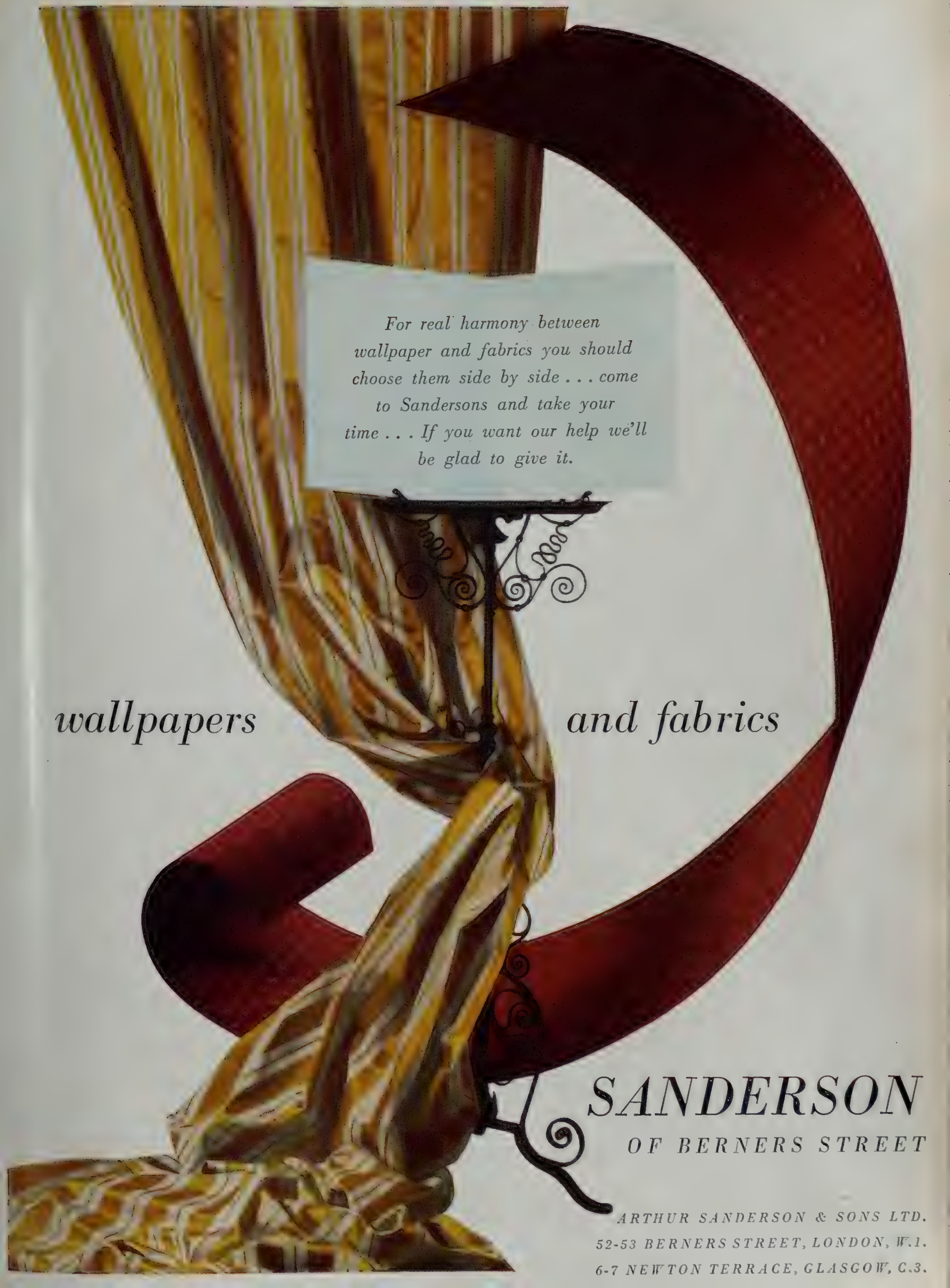
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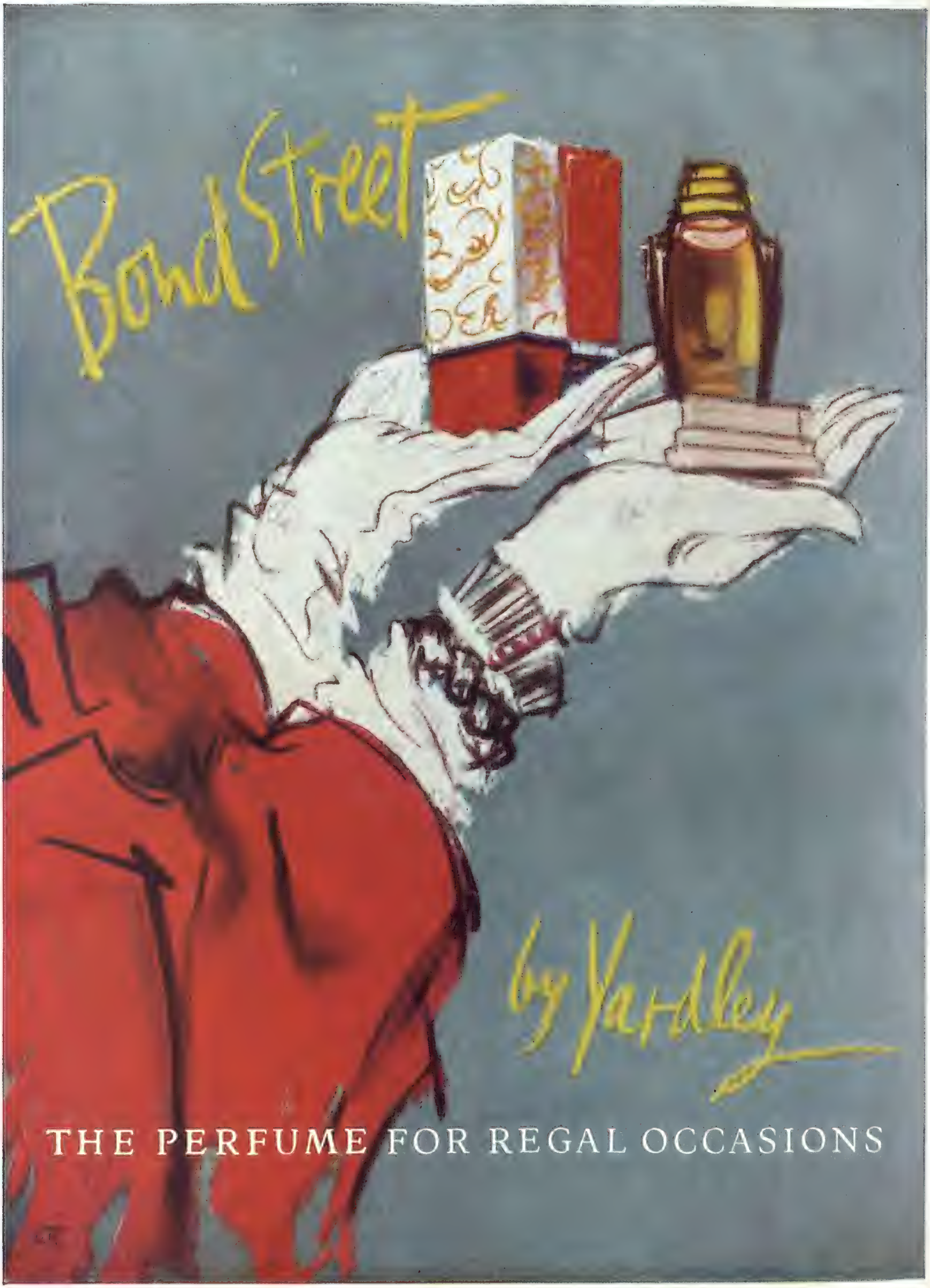


Bond Street
by Yardley
THE PERFUME FOR REGAL OCCASIONS

The Sketch

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 17, 1953

(Registered as a newspaper for transmission in the United Kingdom.)

THE QUEEN GREETED HER PEOPLE

After the Abbey ceremony and State Procession on her Coronation Day the young Queen acknowledged the rousing cheers of her subjects from the balcony of Buckingham Palace where, sixteen years ago, she saw and heard such crowds acclaim her father. It was a proud and happy moment for her, as the massed thousands demonstrated their love and loyalty. The sight of her gallant figure, smiling and seemingly tireless after her incredibly arduous day, is one that we who saw her will never forget.

WATCHING THE FLY-PAST: The scene on the balcony of Buckingham Palace when the Royal Air Force staged a fly-past as their salute to the newly-crowned young Queen. Her Majesty, the Duke of Edinburgh and Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother smiled, and Princess Anne watched intently as Prince Charles excitedly called attention to the impressive sight. On the right, Princess Margaret looked towards the vast cheering crowd at the Palace gates. Behind her is Miss Iris Peake, who was her Lady-in-Waiting during the Coronation ceremony. On the left are three of the Queen's six Maids-of-Honour, *l. to r.*, Lady Anne Coke, Lady Mary Baillie-Hamilton and Lady Jane Vane-Tempest-Stewart.

Our Motley Notes

By Toby O'Brien

NOW that the tumult and the shouting has died (though it looks as if the traffic in London will remain impossible for weeks to come), it is possible to sort out one's impressions of the Coronation. The beauty, dignity and emotional content of the service in the Abbey were such that no words can adequately convey them. Indeed, one distinguished Gold Staff Officer confessed after the final full-dress rehearsal—in itself a beautiful and memorable occasion—that he was unable to attend adequately to his duties because he found himself so frequently overcome with emotion. I can well understand it, and there must have been many in the Abbey on that wonderful day to sympathise with his disability.

For reasons quite other than those of the sad and humourless little band of Left Wing M.P.s, who added to the pre-Coronation gaiety with their statements, I hope that this will be the last Coronation which I shall see. (It just crosses my mind that "the people" they were so concerned about might not have been attracted in quite such large numbers by the romance of Tom Driberg, the glamour of Barbara Castle, or the class-consciousness of Nye Bevan's lounge suit!) One trusts that her Majesty will have so long a reign that there will be little chance of the writer of this column being present at the Coronation of King Charles III.

It is true that the early part of the ceremony was a little marred for me by the fact that the Gold Staff Officers looking after our stand had allowed some peculiarly mannerless foreigners to invade it, so that at one time I was becoming an expert on the different bone structures of the backs of the heads of the French, Italian and Japanese nations. However, a smart tap on the head with the Form and Order of Service caused France to subside into moody contemplation of a vast, coloured Coronation supplement produced by his paper, a few well-chosen words did something to check the ebullience of Italy, and Japan solved the problem by going to sleep.

From then on we had an excellent view of all the ceremonies except the Homage, though even here it was possible to admire the self-possession of Master Duncan Davidson, the page who took the peers' coronets. The effect of the fleeting ray of sunshine striking the peeresses in their robes, coronets and jewels was a picture that one will remember for the rest of one's life. Not Cecil B. de Mille in his most splendid glorious Technicolor imaginings ever dreamt of anything of the sort.

For colour is the abiding, strongest impression I retain—the perfect blend of the yellow of the carpet with the gold of the Abbey plate, the great splashes of deep crimson, of blue, of purple of the robes—as if applied by a bold artist with a lavish hand. Colour, yes, and perfect organisation, and the eye-blurring emotional significance of the service itself.

The poise, beauty and almost pathetic dignity of the Queen would have moved the sternest Republican heart. The precision and the perfect timing with which all—the great officers of State, heralds or pages—played their parts was something to remember for a lifetime.

But the lighter touches were not lacking. There was an announcement at the end that "Bishops' wives and O for Orange can now leave," and could it *really* be true, as a gentleman sitting next to me, whose eyesight was better than mine, claimed, that the elderly bishop who sat throughout the ceremony was at one point reading a copy of the *Daily Mail*?

ON the eve of the Coronation I went down to London Airport to meet the fabulous Jinx Falkenburg (and incidentally had an opportunity during the five or six hours by which her plane was delayed, of watching what a splendid job the Customs

were doing in coping with the huge rush of visitors who have descended on them). Jinx, who is lovelier even than one had been led to believe, is reputed to earn a quarter of a million pounds a year through her radio, television and newspaper work. Her husband, Tex McCrary, who partners her in some of her enterprises, lags a bit behind. His income is reputed to be a mere £100,000 a year. From what I saw of Jinx during her stay, it seems to me that she earns every penny of it. She averaged a 4 a.m. bedtime, having rung up New York and played back her tape recording of the day's events. This appears to be her norm, with anything from a half-past-six to half-past-seven start the next day. She never seems to be tired, or other than supremely interested in everything that is going on around her.

The first night of her stay, she went to the Coronation Ball—an event which illustrated the pitfalls in the apparent similarity of the American and English languages. Jinx said that she had been told in New York that it was a "costume ball." I was puzzled by this, as I had no idea that it was a fancy-dress affair. It transpired that this impression had arisen because on the invitation card it said: "Decorations will be worn."

The Ball was a little marred by the pageant. This lasted for an hour, and was pleasant enough to look at. Someone had, however, omitted to study the acoustics of the Albert Hall, so that for the whole of the hour the distinguished actors and actresses who played various parts in the pageant with one accord appeared to say "rhubarb, rhubarb, rhubarb"—the noise made by extras in any theatrical crowd scene.

Talking of extras, I was delighted to meet at the Coronation an old Oxford friend, Mr. Jack Robertson, well known as a writer under the name of John Connell, who reminded me of the occasion when he was a soldier carrying a torch in the O.U.D.S. production of *Othello*. Lionel Hale was playing the part of Rodrigo, and swears, though neither Jack nor I can remember the incident, that he heard the worst words which any actor can hear from an extra. They were: "I am terribly sorry, Lionel, but I have set your wig on fire."

CURIOUSLY enough, one of the most moving ceremonies of the whole of the Coronation period—at least, I found it so—took place at the Greenjackets Ball: the sight of the Gurkha Pipe Band marching and counter-marching with a precision which the Guards would have envied. The playing of "Hielan' Laddie," and that fine Irish rebel song, "The Man of the West," was admirably Kiplingesque.

Before leaving the subject of the Coronation, here is an extract from a letter I received from a Spanish friend who lives in Washington. "I shall think of you to-morrow, and I shall look at the Television. It would be difficult to give you an approximate idea of the tremendous propaganda which has been carried out in this country about the Coronation; I doubt whether there has ever been anything like it, anywhere. One would almost imagine that it was Ike who was going to be crowned."

Earlier I commented on the splendid job which the Customs at the Airport have been doing during this rush period—a delicate combination of, on the one hand, preventing crooks getting away with anything, without, on the other, harming the country's public relations by undue delay or too close a scrutiny of the innocent. I have to report, however, a delightful piece of bureaucracy. A famous photographer was lent nine 3-D cameras by an American agency to cover the Coronation for them. The Treasury gave him permission to import them duty free. The Customs, on the other hand, wanted to charge him heavy duty on them. When he pointed out that the Treasury had given him permission to bring them in free, the Customs said that they would have to raise it with their bosses. Who were the bosses? The Treasury.

PERHAPS the most admirable example of the way the Treasury mind works took place about eighteen months before the outbreak of the war. I had just started the country's first propaganda Press service, in a vain attempt to overtake the long start and vast expenditure of the Germans and Italians. The commercial photographic agencies were most co-operative, providing us with prints and permission to publish everywhere except in the United States at virtually cost price. The Yugoslav newspapers wanted an article on No. 10, Downing Street, which we provided, together with a number of excellent photographs which came from the Stationery Office.

They were so good that a little while later I ordered a large number of copies in order to distribute them in other countries as well. The Stationery Office insisted on charging half a guinea for each print. I pointed out to them that this was absurd, and that they ought to let us have them at the same rate as the commercial agencies were charging us. It took three months of arguing, with Lord Lloyd and the Foreign Office on our side, and the Treasury supporting the Stationery Office, before we won.

The Treasury argument ran something like this: "We quite agree that in any case it is only taking money out of a different compartment in the same till, but if we were to allow you to have these prints at the rate charged by the commercial agencies, that would be a hidden increase in your grant not sanctioned by Parliament." The fact that a war was obviously coming, that we were years behind our future enemies in the propaganda field, and that it was imperative to strengthen our position in key countries which were threatened, weighed little with Whitehall.

It is little wonder that I find an entry in my diary at the time which reads: "If we lose this coming war, on the tombstone of the British Empire should be written: 'Here lies the British Empire, which perished for lack of timely Treasury sanction for its continuation.'"

Some of the hardier types watched the fireworks across the river from the roof, but having a cosier view from inside were (*l. to r.*) Mr. Byars Thomson, Mrs. C. R. Attlee, Mrs. David Divine and Mr. Divine.

L. to r. : Baron du Roy de Blicquy, Mrs. Hugh Wontner, Captain Andrew Duncan, Baronne du Roy de Blicquy, Princess Elizabeth de Croy, Miss Jinx Falkenburg and Mr. Hugh Wontner.

Another gay party in the gayest of hats were (*l. to r.*) Miss Sheila Little, Mr. Michael Dykes, Miss Mary Little, Mr. Nicholas Coope, Miss Barbara O'Halloran and Mr. Gerard Ryan.

Part of the vast audience watching the cabaret included the Sultan of Marrakesh (foreground, in white robes) and Major A. Pibul Songgram, A.D.C. to H.R.H. Prince Chula Chakrabongse of Thailand.

CORONATION NIGHT

Glitter and gaiety overflowed every inch of the Savoy Hotel for the Coronation Ball there on June 2nd, when the Ballroom, River Room and Restaurant were packed with people from all parts of the world—all intent on a lavish end to a most memorable day

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by George Konig.

"THE DRESS IS A TRIUMPH . . ."

. . . said the Queen to Mr. Norman Hartnell, who had the great honour of being chosen to design her Majesty's Coronation gown. Here, in the Throne Room after her return to Buckingham Palace, the Queen poses charmingly while the photographer catches all the beauty of this fabulously lovely dress. With its delicate embroidery of pearls and emeralds, rubies and semi-precious stones in an emblematic design of Tudor roses, thistles, shamrocks and leeks, maple leaves, wattle, protea and fern, it is the very essence of regal and triumphal splendour.

The Duchess of Kent and Brigadier Profumo.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawson Tancred.

Miss Margaret Scott-Duff and Mr. Charles Hambro.

Miss Phœbe Pemberton and Mr. Vivian Esch.

Coronation Ball at the Albert Hall

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by George Konig.

Back row ; l. to r. Mr. Hugh Roberts, Mr. Gilbert Brook-Hitching, Mr. Desmond Brook-Hitching, Mr. Ronald Bomnalie, Mr. W. F. Beale ; *front row ; l. to r.* Mrs. Louis Gilbert, Mrs. J. Scott-Paine, Mrs. W. F. Beale, Mrs. Hugh Roberts, the Hon. Mrs. Richey.

The American Ambassador, Mr. Winthrop Aldrich (*right*), obligingly poses for this photograph with Lady Margaret Colville and Mr. John Colville.

Standing in one of the ever-draughty corridors debating whether or not to risk the rigours of the vast dance floor were (*l. to r.*) Mr. Jack Hawkins, who took part in the pageant, Mr. Jules Stein, from New York, Mrs. Jules Stein, Mrs. David Niven and Mr. David Niven.

Miss Jane McCall-McCowan and Mr. John Adams.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Gillingham.

The Hon. Rupert and Mrs. Strutt.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Baird Magnus.

Inside their loggia were (*sitting in front ; l. to r.*) Princess Weikersheim, Lady Howard de Walden, Mrs. John Sheffield, and (*behind ; left*) Miss Jean Harcourt-Powell and the Hon. Hazel Scott-Ellis, Lady Howard de Walden's daughter, and their escorts.

The dusty and sombre Royal Albert Hall achieved quite an air of gaiety for the Coronation Ball, organised by Colonel R. M. Lloyd, proceeds of which were for the Enham-Alamein Village Centre for disabled ex-Servicemen. The Duke and Duchess of Norfolk were joint-presidents of the ball, and the Duchess of Kent, looking wonderful in a white gown, was the guest of honour. Most of the boxes and loggias were taken by large family parties, and those less fortunate people who weren't able to secure one found room to sit out and get a splendid view of the glittering floor from the balcony. The midnight Pageant of Coronations went off without a hitch ; many well-known actors and actresses taking part in a lengthy programme depicting past coronations and ending with an impressive grand tableau.

In the foyer, taking a good look at the Souvenir programme, were (*l. to r.*) Lady Shawcross, wife of Sir Hartley, Sir Denys Lowson, Lady de la Bere the Lady Mayoress, Mr. W. T. Boston, Mr. Cameron de la Bere and Miss Valerie de la Bere.

A late arrival was Sir Winston Churchill, the Prime Minister, who joined his wife and members of his family in their box in the Grand Tier.

OUR BOOKSHELF

TALES OF MOORLAND AND ESTUARY. By Henry Williamson. (*Macdonald ; 12s. 6d.*)

PATIENCE. By John Coates. (*Gollancz ; 10s. 6d.*)

AFTER THE FUNERAL. By Agatha Christie. (*Collins ; 10s. 6d.*)

MERLIN'S FURLONG. By Gladys Mitchell. (*Michael Joseph ; 10s. 6d.*)

by RUPERT CROFT-COOKE

A FIRST look through Mr. Henry Williamson's *Tales of Moorland and Estuary*, some of which were written as early as 1922, made me realise, with that surprise which often comes from remembering dates, that it is a full quarter of a century since we first fell on *Tarka the Otter*, tearing at, rather than just reading, that wonderful story. Yet so it is, and the book remains as fresh and contemporary as if it had appeared this spring. Little more need be said of the dozen stories which make up this collection than that they are in the spirit and style of that book, as their title, and their individual titles, convey. "The Crake," "The White Stoat," "The Maiden Salmon," "Trout" are some of these, but most of the others are in one sense or another about animals wild or tame, and all of them breathe the air of the Devonshire moors.

There is a fine story called "The Yellow Boots," which ends in horror, of a man followed by a pack of hounds; this is redeemed from bloodthirstiness by true pathos. There is "Where the Bright Waters Meet," which is beautifully written but does not add enough to a situation too often created in fiction, that of people slowly realising in a world undimmed that they themselves are dead. There is the macabre opening story called "A Winter's Tale," which is rather more conventional in plot and structure. All of these are informed by this author's love of words, of animals and of his own countryside.

TO turn to *Patience*, by John Coates, is to face an almost violent change in mood, a startling contrast in the talents of the respective authors. Mr. Coates is light-hearted, detached, brilliant, giving to his story that deceptive veneer of naïveté which has made acceptable much contemporary satire. For his heroine the word naïve is in fact irresistible. With her children, her husband, her lover, her stick of a brother and the rest of them around her, pulling her this way and that, Patience looks blandly and trustfully out at a world she finds pleasant.

Her brother's preoccupation with Moral Law and Sin and Spiritual Welfare has always rather bored her, but these things become more relevant when she finds that her husband, while remaining "quite as attentive as usual if not more so," has been unfaithful to her. They positively threaten her when she herself falls in love with Philip and finds, in the cleverly chosen words of the blurb, that "sinning with one's lover is much more pleasant than being dutiful with one's husband." This is what used to be called a sex novel, but it is so airily and kindly written, so free from offence or guile that Mrs. Grundy herself would find it refreshing.

COUNTLESS readers of the Poirot novels of Miss Agatha Christie will hope that *After the Funeral* represents only a temporary falling-off, but it is certainly a disappointment. The initial situation is a conventional one, and it seems that just once too often this author has taken pains to show us a large, rich family, bristling with motives for murder. The solution, when it comes, is so frankly incredible that with the best will in the world to follow Miss Christie and her entertaining little Belgian detective, one jibs at this. Both of these faults could have been concealed if Poirot himself had been in form, but he is tired and lifeless, and seems to reach his theory by merely receiving confidences, while his old amiable boasting becomes flat and silly when it is brought out mechanically. "I am in my own line a celebrated person—I may say a most celebrated person. My gifts, in fact, are unequalled!"

The funeral of the title is that of Richard Abernethie, and needless to say he had unbelievably large sums to leave to his family. This consists of one living brother, two sisters, a nephew, two nieces and their husbands. There is a family lawyer of many years standing and one notices once again how in detective fiction these useful old parties invariably manage to outlive the persons for whom they act. There is a family butler and other customary appendages, while heard off are two nuns and an art critic. The first to feel suspicion is the lawyer, who calls in Poirot after what appears to be the second murder has been committed—with an axe. Thereafter there is nothing much but dialogue until the murderer's identity is revealed.

ANOTHER story of detection which has some features in common with Miss Christie's is *Merlin's Furlong*, by Gladys Mitchell. Here, too, the head of a family and a man of vast riches is the first victim. Here, too, his relatives are suspects. But superimposed on this straightforward beginning is a lot of engaging hocus about black magic and witchcraft, and undergraduates who are too interested in these things for their health. There is Professor Havers, who sits in "one of the most beautiful rooms to be found in the ancient cathedral and university city of Wallchester." His "large-eyed, spiritually beautiful face began to brighten, but not to its æsthetic advantage, for two yellow wolf-teeth appeared with Satanic effect." This lively individual has constructed a doll with which to bring about the death of a Mr. Aumbry and is himself the next to succumb to the wiles of the elusive murderer.

Into these surroundings comes Mrs. Bradley, Miss Mitchell's sardonic old detective, and seems well fitted to them. A slightly academic air is given to the book by the inclusion of quotations from the English Classics at every chapter head, and a good many scholarly bits and pieces in the text. But it's a good story, well told.

BUSHY : by Hargrave

ACORN KING OF ARMS

YOUR LIBRARY LIST

GILBERT AND SULLIVAN OPERA. (A new assessment.) By Audrey Williamson. (*Rochcliff ; 25s.*)

PLAYS OF THE YEAR (1952). Edited by J. C. Trewin. (*Elek ; 18s.*)

LUCREZIA BORGIA. By Joan Haslip. (*Cassell ; 21s.*)

CASTLE IN SPAIN. By Frank Clune. (*Angus and Robinson ; 15s.*)
An Australian conscientiously visits and describes parts of Spain and aspects of Spanish life.

FRED OF OXFORD. By Fred Bickerton. (*Evans ; 18s.*)
Heart-to-heart autobiography of an Oxford "character"; totally unpretentious and of interest to all University College men.

THE THEATRE NOW. By Harold Hobson. (*Longman ; 15s.*)
Thoughtful essays on the contemporary theatre and its influence on modern life. The stress is on the work of Messrs. T. S. Eliot and Christopher Fry.

BE HAPPIER, BE HEALTHIER. By Gayelord Hauser. (*Faber ; 12s. 6d.*)
The author of *Look Younger, Live Longer* gives more advice. From his pages familiar words jump out—orange juice, yogurt, raw vegetables, calories, herbal laxative, rye toast, prunes. Madly invigorating if you like that sort of thing.

New Novels

MISS SAINTE MONIQUE. By Stephen Lister. (*Peter Davies ; 10s. 6d.*)

HEAVEN AND HERBERT COMMON. By Frank Tilsley. (*Eyre and Spottiswoode ; 14s.*)

THE WOUNDED. By Tom Clarkson. (*Wingate ; 9s. 6d.*)

I'LL BURY MY DEAD. By James Hadley Chase. (*Robert Hale ; 10s. 6d.*)

OPERATION BALLERINA. By Selwyn. (*Hodder and Stoughton ; 10s. 6d.*)

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO . . .

BENJAMIN BRITTEN : For the musical pageantry of his Coronation opera, *Gloriana*, which had its première at the Royal Opera House on June 8th in the presence of her Majesty the Queen.

S. J. DE LOTBINIÈRE, Head of Television Outside Broadcasts : For the technical perfection and continuity of the Coronation Day television coverage, which has been widely acclaimed in many countries.

CASTLETON KNIGHT : For the majestic pageantry of his splendidly colourful production, *A Queen is Crowned*, the Technicolor film which has recorded for all time the glory that was June 2nd, 1953.

FREDERICK ASHTON : For his Coronation ballet, *Homage to the Queen*, a living and beautiful tribute to her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II. Scenes from this lovely ballet are on the next page.

. . . FOUR MEN WHO ROSE TO A GREAT OCCASION

"Homage to the Queen"

Frederick Ashton's Coronation ballet, *Homage to the Queen*, was resoundingly acclaimed at its première at the Royal Opera House on June 2nd. Mr. Ashton's spectacular production depicts the elements paying tribute to the new young Queen, and with Malcolm Arnold's stirring musical score, the whole becomes a fervent act of loyalty to her Majesty. Violetta Elvin, Margot Fonteyn, Beryl Grey and Nadia Nerina are the ballet Queens—of Water, Air, Fire and Earth—with John Hart, Michael Somes, John Field and Alexis Rassine as their respective Consorts. With Oliver Messel's delightful costumes and scenery, this is a ballet that will surely live far beyond the occasion for which it was designed.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Houston Rogers.

Margot Fonteyn as the Queen of the Air, with Michael Somes as her Consort.

Violetta Elvin as Queen of the Waters, partnered by John Hart as her Consort, surrounded by her graceful attendants.

The Procession : Violetta Elvin (*left*), John Hart, Margot Fonteyn and Michael Somes at the head of the colourful "State Procession."

The Queen arriving at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, for the gala performance of *Gloriana*.

The glittering scene in the Royal Box as the audience and company sang the National Anthem, *l. to r:* Princess Margaret, the Crown Princess and Crown Prince of Norway, the Queen, the Duke of Edinburgh and Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother. Behind the Queen is Lord Waverley, Chairman of the Covent Garden Opera Trust.

"Gloriana"

Benjamin Britten's new opera, *Gloriana*, which was specially written to mark the Coronation, had its first performance on June 8th at the Royal Opera House in the presence of the Queen and an illustrious audience. Her Majesty was accompanied in the Royal Box by the Duke of Edinburgh, the Crown Prince and Crown Princess of Norway, Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, Princess Margaret, the Princess Royal, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, the Duchess of Kent, Princess Alice Countess of Athlone and the Earl of Athlone, Princess Marie Louise, the Earl and Countess of Harewood, Princess Astrid, Prince and Princess George of Hanover, Prince and Princess Hohenlohe-Langenburg, and the Margrave and Margravine of Baden. The new opera is one of singular pageantry and was cordially received by the large first-night audience.

A delightful picture of Princess Margaret, taken on her arrival.

Evening-dressed members of the first-night audience queue outside the theatre to await the arrival of the Royal family and their guests. It was a highly-colourful occasion, and the Covent Garden management deserves praise for the splendour of the opera's staging.

JUNE 2nd.—CORONATION BALL. Lady Templer, wife of General Sir Gerald Templer, the High Commissioner, dances with Lieut.-General Sir Hugh Stockwell in Kuala Lumpur.

JUNE 4th.—NO DOUBT ABOUT IT. The filly *Ambiguity*, with apprentice J. Mercer up, looks somewhat surprised all the same as she is led in by her owner, Lord Astor, after winning the Oaks at Epsom.

JUNE 4th.—THE FOURTH AT ETON. Thomas Stonor took his sisters Harriet (*left*) and Georgina. They are the children of Mr. and Mrs. Sherman Stonor and grandchildren of Baron Camoys.

JUNE 5th.—FLOWERS. The Netherlands Ambassador, Dr. Stikker (seen here with his wife), opened the Art and Flowers Exhibition at the Victoria and Albert Museum. The flowers were grown in Holland and sent as a tribute to Queen Elizabeth.

JUNE 7th.—AT BLENHEIM PALACE. The Duke and Duchess of Marlborough gave a garden-party for members of the Diplomatic Corps, the Government and the 1200 Commonwealth and Colonial visitors to this country for the Coronation. *L. to r.:* Mrs. St. Laurent, her daughter Mrs. Rafferty, and Mr. St. Laurent, Prime Minister of Canada.

Our Coronation Diary

Being the impressions of our Correspondents about Town

OUR hectic round of Coronation festivities got off to a gay start at the Dockland Settlements Ball at the Savoy on May 26th, where Princess Margaret, in mother-of-pearl embroidered oyster satin, danced tirelessly until after 2 a.m.—Princess Marie Louise didn't leave much earlier either. Lord and Lady Blandford—she was chairman of the Ball—Lady Anne Coke and Mr. Jeremy Tree were among those at the Princess's table. Lady Rosemary Spencer-Churchill presented prizes at the Tombola and Lord Galway was busy handing over bottles of wine lassoed in the hoop-la. Unexpected visitors at midnight were Mr. R. G. Menzies, the Australian Prime Minister, with his wife and daughter Heather.

MAY 27th.—*Footnote:* The familiar ambulance men and nurses who always seem to hover (hopefully ?) round the vast wastes of the Albert Hall mingled conspicuously with the mink at the Coronation Ball (see pages 560 and 561).

Arrived just in time to watch Sea Cadets dancing the hornpipe at the Navy League's Coronation Ball at the Dorchester, where we saw Admiral Sir Rhoderick McGrigor, General Sir Leslie Hollis, Captain A. C. Miers, the submarine V.C., and a host of Greenwich subs. and their debs.

MAY 29th.—Met the magnificent Queen Salote of Tonga at the reception which Sir Frederick and Lady Doidge gave in honour of Mr. S. G. Holland, Prime Minister of New Zealand, at 6, Stanhope Gate, where we also saw among the 200 guests the Archbishop of Canterbury, Lord Salisbury and Lord Jowitt.

While the Queen, the Duke of Edinburgh and a large percentage of the Royal Family were appreciating the splendours of the Household Brigade's Hampton Court Ball, the Queen Mother was at the Savoy for the Royal Auxiliary Air Force Coronation Ball. She sat at the top table with Air Vice-Marshal Lord Bandon and Group Captain Birkin, and seemed very amused by the antics of some of the officers who climbed ceilingwards attempting to put their various squadron symbols "on top."

JUNE 2nd.—Stand 41 in the Mall was literally star-spangled for the great day. Among those we saw braving the elements were Dorothy Tutin, Googie Withers and John McCallum, Mrs. Emlyn Williams, Athene Seyler and Sir Lewis Casson. Two who fled for shelter were Dame Edith Evans and Gwen Ffrangcon Davies. We shared an umbrella and a bottle of *Graves* with Donald Wolfit and Rosalind Iden. The umbrella dripped steadily on to the stolid, duffle-coated figure of Peter

JUNE 4th.—THREE MORE AT THE FOURTH. Lady Amabel Yorke, daughter of Lord Hardwicke, was thoroughly enjoying the day with Mr. Alexander McEwen (*left*) and her brother Lord Royston.

JUNE 4th.—ALL ABOARD. Preceded by his wife, Sir Rupert De la Bère, Lord Mayor, walks down the gangway from H.M.S. *Vanguard*, anchored off Southend, after presenting Admiral Sir George Creasy with a silver "Caudle Cup."

JUNE 7th.—THE PREMIER AND THE ONI. Sir Winston Churchill shakes hands with the Oni of Ife during the garden-party at Blenheim Palace, Woodstock, Oxon, where, incidentally, Sir Winston was born.

JUNE 7th.—THE PRINCESS AND THE DUKE. Princess Margaret walks through the crowd of visitors with the Duke of Marlborough at the Blenheim Palace garden-party.

JUNE 9th.—AT MARLBOROUGH HOUSE. Lord Rowallan, Chief Scout, with the Duchess of Gloucester, who inspected overseas Scouts here for the Coronation.

Ustinov, and the rain dripped steadily into our wine. "It 's all Robert Atkins' fault," said Donald resignedly. "We always get shocking weather when he starts that Open Air Theatre." Later, champagne corks popped in the small but hilarious party, who escaped the deluge by hiding underneath the stand. Hermione Gingold was there, witty but wet; Andre Morell, showing off a magnificent pair of reindeer-skin boots; Michael Goff, Ann Leon and Roy Dean were others. We sat on flattened cardboard cartons amidst the steel scaffolding and ate with our fingers in true Elizabethan style, while loudspeakers boomed a description of the ceremony. "What a magnificent production!" said someone. "Yes—and think of those wonderful, *long* parts!" said Hermione, wistfully.

Turf rivals became dance-floor partners at the Savoy Coronation Ball (see also page 558)—Mme. Suzy Volterra and M. Marcel Boussac. Commiseration?

At the Café de Paris we found Sir Victor Sassoon, Lady Beatty and Lady Mary Burghley, whose daughter, Miss Gillian Cecil, we had just left watching the fireworks from the Savoy roof. . . . Then at Grosvenor House we met Sir Joseph Robinson, from South Africa, the wealthy Sheikh of Kuwait, and the Sultan of Johore with his attractive Rumanian-born wife all celebrating the great day. . . . And doing the same thing at Ciro's were the Crown Prince of Ethiopia, the Maharajah of Baroda and his wife, and Mr. Nehru.

Paused for a "breather" at La Fiesta's Ball at Londonderry House—where, as everywhere that night, there were many overseas visitors—Colonel Ballantyne brought several Canadians and Mrs. Burdenshaw had an all-American party. At 4 a.m. everyone was given a tiny souvenir bottle of champagne.

We were tempted to investigate an invitation to a midnight soirée in an outsized rubber dinghy on the Serpentine, but decided instead to join Air Commodore and Mrs. Gordon-Dean's jolly outdoor party in Montague Mews. Large quantities of beer, cider and sausages were consumed by bright young things who danced on the cobbles holding up umbrellas in a vain attempt to keep dry. Commander Harcourt Smith, relaxing after his duties as Gold Staff Officer at the Abbey, and his wife brought a party. Mr. Charles Morrison, Mr. Joe Corbett, Lord Rowallan's son, Miss Anna Ryland and Miss Merida Gascoigne toasted themselves round a cheering brazier. Miss Georgina Williams added to the fun by playing a barrel-organ.

JUNE 3rd.—Senhor Gracie, the Brazilian Ambassador, and his wife held a big reception at the charming Mount Street Embassy for Marshal Mascarenhas de Moraes, Admiral Dantas and Senator Chateaubriand, all Coronation delegates. Among others seen were the Maharajah of Jaipur, Sir George and Lady Franckenstein, and Mrs. Graham Lampson, Lord Killearn's daughter-in-law.

Two unfortunate errors crept into our pages of the Bucks and Berks Bachelors' Club Ball in the issue of May 20th. Mr. F. Wedlake was described as Clerk to the Justices at Maidenhead, a position actually held by Mr. K. Ruffe-Thomas; and Mr. Basil Proddow's name was mis-spelt as Prodden. We offer our apologies to the gentlemen concerned.

Waving flags.

" It is impossible to sojourn amid the mellowe

Candid Commentaries : by Credendus

"The Fourth" at Eton

Sketches by Susan Benson

Waiting for parents.

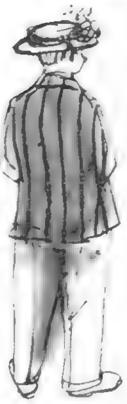
ETON always looks her best for the Fourth of June. The ingredients remain the same year after year, yet the effect never loses its freshness. Only the weather can detract, and this time, after the wintry Coronation Day, I was impervious to the elements. I journeyed indifferent to the *susurrous* of mackintoshes and the Damoclean rib-tips of umbrellas. If the heavens opened there would be the speeches in the Upper School, but the seats are hard and I paled at the thought of listening to a dozen or more items before luncheon. The consolation was a roof over one's head.

The refuge was not needed. The day was fine and I went to Agar's Plough, where the ground looked lovely—a flawless expanse of velvety turf, over following over, then the flash of an arm, a careless stroke, the atmosphere electric, and Smith Minor is on his way back to the pavilion. Umpires in long white coats move slowly to and fro. In such an atmosphere the game became a delectable expression of an English tradition.

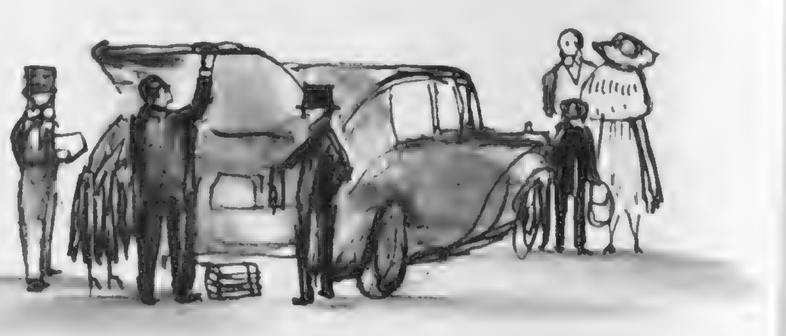
I wondered if those youthful cricketers appreciated how they were laying up a store of memories for the years ahead. I looked at the man next to me. He might have worked in the City. I was tempted to guess what he was thinking. I like to think it was obvious—a latent yearning to go back to the spaciousness of his youth and reconstruct the emotions of an hour. He had become as he used to be. Everything was just the same—the Thames, the secret meeting of the Vikings, the speeches. . . .

Everything has the sameness of eternity, yet the end is as the beginning. The inference is unavoidable. He can never return, at least not in the guise that he imagined. Those who do, murder their memories. And yet, the Fourth of June has its compensations: the wonder created by the eye of youth may be lost, but in its stead comes a truer appreciation of what remains. It is impossible to sojourn amid the mellowed stones of learning without absorbing something of its unique atmosphere. It could not be otherwise. The Cloisters, College Hall, Lupton's Tower, the Gallery where Etonians of distinction look benignly on those who may yet join them, the simple lines of the Chapel, the school-yard, the bronze statue of the gentle founder—is it any wonder that generations of Etonians in their time have warmed to the recollection of such years ?

But when they go back—what do they find ? The attempt to reconstruct and recapture the past often fails. It is like being an elderly ghost in courts and stairways peopled by alien spirits. . . .



Self-decorations.



Unpacking the picnic accessories.

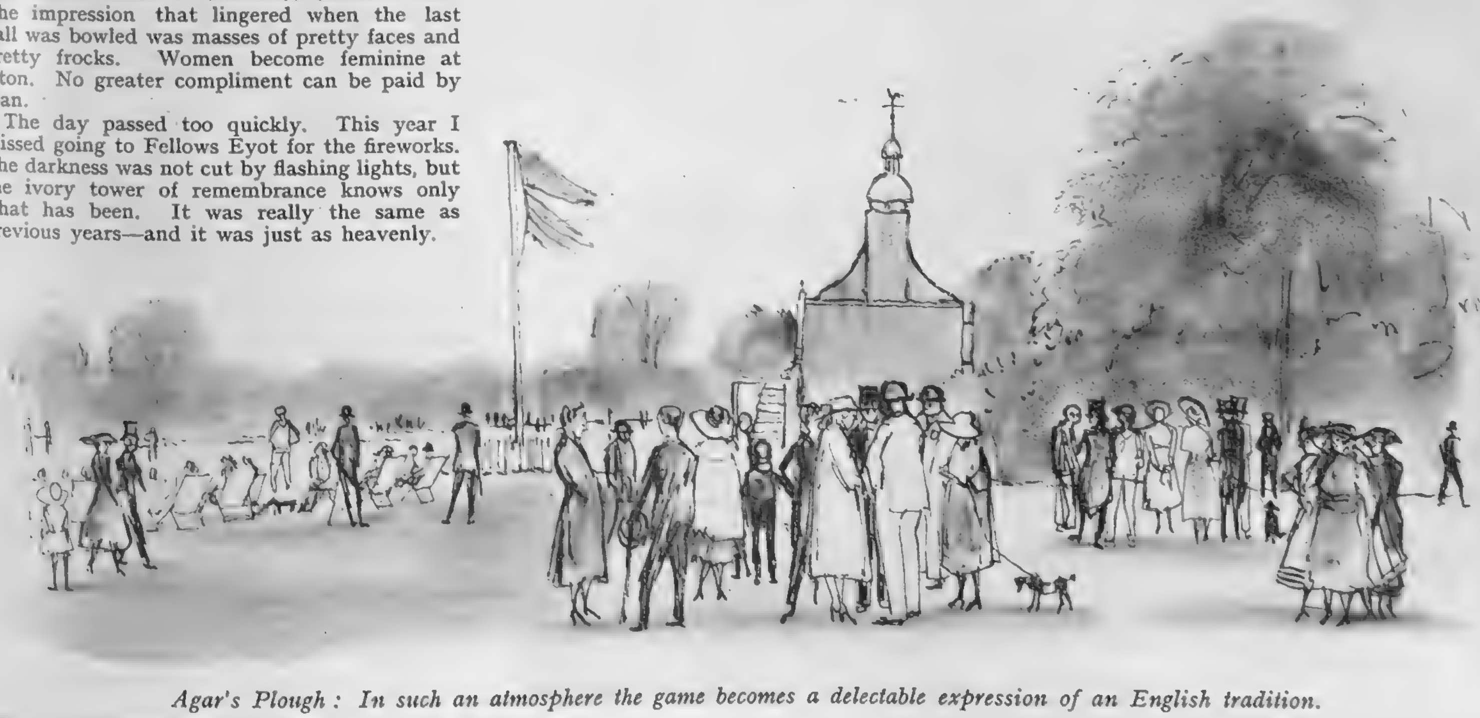
[S]tones of learning without absorbing something of its unique atmosphere."

The crystal of recollection becomes clouded. The School is still batting. Everything is the same outwardly, but the wonderment is missing. Agar's Plough is unghosted. Eyes do change with the years. What we see is no less beautiful, but it lacks the unthinking possessiveness of youth. In the old days the pressure of the moment was all-absorbing. The boy who walks across Sheep's Bridge is the latest inheritor in point of time of this tradition. Without knowing it, he mirrors his generation. That is one of the lessons we learn by returning. We see ourselves as a minute but integral part of an evolutionary pattern.

Whether fathers are lost in the past, or sons are idyllising the future, I am certain of one thing. These youngsters have lovely sisters. Like the chameleon, they change their colours. They look different. They are different. And that subtle shade of difference baffles a man. The impression that lingered when the last ball was bowled was masses of pretty faces and pretty frocks. Women become feminine at Eton. No greater compliment can be paid by man.

The day passed too quickly. This year I missed going to Fellows Eyot for the fireworks. The darkness was not cut by flashing lights, but the ivory tower of remembrance knows only what has been. It was really the same as previous years—and it was just as heavenly.

Lupton's Tower : " Absence " being called at six o'clock.



Agar's Plough : In such an atmosphere the game becomes a delectable expression of an English tradition.

SPORTING BACKGROUND

By LOUIS T. STANLEY

Hailing the Return of Ben Hogan

THE news that Ben Hogan is going to compete in the Open Golf Championship at Carnoustie is excellent. I am only sorry that his appearance in this country may be limited to this somewhat remote part of Scotland. I have nothing against Carnoustie; on the contrary, it ranks as one of the most exacting tests of golf in the British Isles, but the amenities are not on a scale capable of coping with the invasion of a golfing army, and many who are making the trip have had to go miles away to find a bed. Still, the treat in store should be adequate compensation for any shortage of creature comforts. I consider it worth while if only to see in action the greatest golfer America has produced since the war.

The first time I met Hogan was on the *Queen Elizabeth* in 1949. He was making his first visit to England as non-playing captain of the American Ryder Cup team. He was then a sick man who would probably never be able to play golf again as a result of serious injuries caused in a motor-smash. Even the action of walking caused pain and exhaustion. In conversation he was phlegmatic and taciturn, almost a caricature of a tough, granite American. Although an invalid, Hogan knew how to handle his men. His leadership from the touchline helped to register yet another American Ryder Cup victory.

The impression Hogan left behind was of a golfer, maybe broken in body, but burning inside to get back in the tournament arena.

Since 1949 Hogan has achieved the impossible. Not only has he made a miraculous recovery from his accident, but he has regained his former prestige in the American professional ranks. He is now more sparing in his appearances, but when he enters, the scoreboard reflects his skill and determination. Having won every golfing honour America can offer, he now turns his attention to the British Open title. To win it he will have to overcome several obstacles . . . the challenge of a rejuvenated Henry Cotton, the determination of Bobby Locke to add yet another notch in this tally, the youthful Australian, Peter Thompson, and an ever-confident Max Faulkner.

Anyone who can match and better such a combined challenge has more than earned the title, but I think his greatest opponent will be the course itself. Carnoustie has broken the heart of many Americans. I remember when the Open was played there in 1937. The field included one of the toughest American invasions, with such men as Walter Hagen, Gene Sarazen, Horton Smith, Densmore Shute, Ed Dudley, Tony Manero, Johnny Revolta, Henry Picard, and so on. A wind of gale force, blinding rain, and the winding Barry Burn saw their hopes disappear one by one, with final victory going to Henry Cotton after an exhibition of glorious golf. I should like history to repeat itself, with the additional pleasure that at long last we shall see Ben Hogan in action.

Loud Sing Cuckoo!

Talking of golfing history, I had a letter from a Lancashire golfer in which he said that one of his drives had killed a cuckoo and he was anxious to know if anyone else is recorded as having performed a like feat. To the best of my knowledge this gentleman has made golfing history, though I can add a quota of equally novel successes. A seagull and weasel were killed in one afternoon during the 1906 Border Championship at Hawick. Two years later at Dollar, Lieut. Erskine pulled his drive into the rough and killed two weasels. A low shot played by a solicitor at the fourth at Newark struck and killed a 2-lb. trout as it leapt from the water. Another golfer drove a ball low across a northern river. The ball was almost over when a salmon leaped and caught the ball in its mouth. The pace of the ball flung the salmon on the river-bank. The ball was wedged between its teeth. In such company a cuckoo is quite at home.

The Apt Name

Some little time ago I was asked to find a suitable name for a race-horse. It was not as simple as it appeared, for the characteristics of sire and dam had to be preserved by inference. The choice of a Greek name indicating Royal descent sufficiently qualified to apply to a gelding was by no means easy. The late King George VI., who named his own horses, was very apt in his selections. Three I remember in particular—a filly by *Watling Street* out of *Open Warfare* was called *Sidney Street*, a reminder of the famous street clash with the police. A colt by *Court Martial* was *Reprimand*, whilst a colt by *Pylon II.* out of *Terra Cotta* was named *Red Currant*.

" . . . and Friend "

I listened to a complaint in Newmarket against the ban imposed by the Jockey Club against the photographing of racegoers in the paddock or lining the rails. The grumbler in question was a young woman who fancied herself being featured in glossy magazines in that pose. I admit that the decision has destroyed a useful check. No longer do we get instances of the pictures being used in divorce proceedings. On the other hand, anxious husbands were able to plot the whereabouts of absent wives by recourse to such illustrations. On one page the wife would be shown languidly leaning on the paddock rails with an air of resignation. On the opposite page she might be depicted at night languidly leaning over a wineglass with the same air of resignation, only fewer clothes.

Protests of a different nature come from members of the Anti-Women's Society for Men's Rights. They lack neither courage nor imagination. Deploring that education of girls along masculine lines is having " disastrous results," they complain that " strenuous manly exercises for girls in schools is making them hairy-legged." They go further and lament that young women are losing their womanly qualities and feminine attributes as well as being unprepared for marriage. I can only add that members of this Society must move in peculiar circles. The average young woman who is an active participant in some sport is usually well equipped in all three divisions.

Embarrassing Moments

It is always easy to be wise after an event. Repartee is always what you wish you 'd said. Or so I thought after a broadcast discussion during which four of us answered questions fired by the chairman. One was to name the most embarrassing moment in sport, either as an observer or victim. None of us did justice to the question. Second thoughts suggested that Sir George Cunningham, the ex-Rugby Scottish International, would have staked a useful claim. He records how he was tearing for the line, all set to score the winning try for Scotland, when a tackle from behind separated his pants from his person. It has been said that man can go no faster than his own trousers. Cunningham had the alternative. It could have been a unique try. Modesty prevailed. He took refuge behind a masculine screen.

On a personal note I recall momentary embarrassment in front of a television camera. Interviewing Carnera prior to a championship wrestling bout, I asked how the rules affected punching with a closed fist. I was given to understand that feelings run high on such a point. Certain things were forbidden, but " it was perfectly legitimate to use this blow or that blow " . . . and a couple of elephant-sized fists caught me completely unprepared amidships. Certain that at least three ribs had gone, I thanked him for such a lucid demonstration!

People Who Matter

SIR HUGH CASSON

(President of the Architectural Association)

IN the breath-taking drawing-room of one of the loveliest roads in the quieter recesses of Kensington I met Sir Hugh Casson, M.A., F.R.I.B.A., new President of the Architectural Association, whose work has been seen by hundreds of thousands of visitors to London during and since the Coronation. For this modest, quiet, slim little man with an agreeable expression was the architect chosen by the City of Westminster to advise on decorations other than in the Parks, the Mall and Parliament Square, for which the Minister of Works was responsible with his experts. Casson was also consulted by various street associations, among them Regent Street, Victoria Street, Haymarket. He was personally concerned with the designs of the heraldic features in Whitehall, the Eros cage, colour schemes for the Police Control Gates and all lamp-post treatment on the route.

The grey eyes speak pleasingly and frankly of his affection for sailing, while the ears listen again to the three girls striving to sleep upstairs—ladies aged twelve, ten and seven. Casson was forty-three a few weeks ago, but looks around thirty. He studied as a Craven scholar in the British School in Athens after Eastbourne and St. John's, Cambridge; helped the Air Ministry with camouflage activities, returned to private practice in peace. Life was by no means easy—until Sir Gerald (then Mr.) Barry, head of the Festival of Britain, in 1948 invited him to become for three years Director of Architecture, a post of enormous potentialities. Casson promptly invested in a motor-car (price £190, plus improvements costing £100) which had already celebrated twenty-two years' regal existence.

In Canada a few weeks ago he spoke to architects on the Coronation setting, and in New York he studied the Time building, for in London he has been leader of a design team responsible for the metamorphosis of this organisation's offices in Bond Street. His assistants, but not his architect-wife, who practises elsewhere, help with farms, houses. Casson has just completed opera sets for Glyndebourne. He telescopes the problem: " The architect's job is to provide a setting for an activity."

The unruly locks laugh. I liked the yellow socks and black Homburg hat.—G.B.

A GREAT DAY AT EPSOM

Before the great race, the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh chat happily with Gordon Richards in the paddock. For the veteran jockey, his winning of the Coronation Year Derby Stakes completed a double honour, coming, as it did, immediately after the gazetting of his knighthood in the Coronation Honours List on June 1st. The thousands of spectators roared their approval as he brought *Pinza* first past the post.

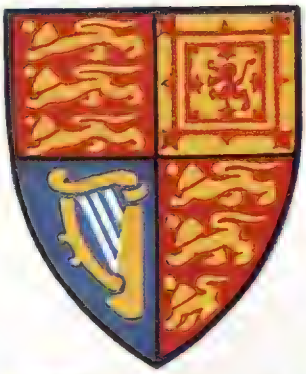
TROOPING THE COLOUR

The Queen, in scarlet tunic, dark blue riding skirt and tricorne hat, wore the Star and Sash of the Order of the Garter as she rode *Winston* at the head of the procession from Buckingham Palace for the Trooping the Colour at Horse Guards Parade on June 11th, her official birthday. The Duke of Edinburgh, in the uniform of Field Marshal, rode *Yokefleet*, who became a little restless during the procession. Nevertheless, the Duke successfully kept station abreast of the Duke of Gloucester, immediately behind her Majesty, as they rode along the Mall.

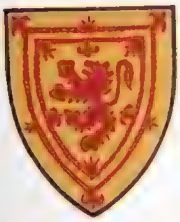
THE QUEEN'S COAT OF ARMS

Kingdom of England

OUR present Queen reigns over us because Her Majesty is a direct descendant of the mighty Sovereigns of England and Ireland—and of the ancient Kings of Scots, the oldest continuing dynasty in Christendom.



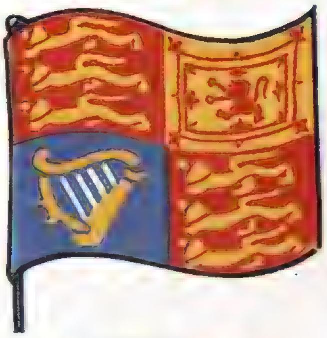
United Kingdom



Kingdom of Scotland

Her Majesty therefore quarters the historic coats of these kingdoms.

These coats are the Queen's exclusive property, and none of them may ever be used except by Her Majesty's authority.



Personal flag of the Sovereign

Kingdom of Ireland.

The quarterly coat is flown as the personal flag of the Sovereign as such, and marks Her Majesty's presence.

Royal Arms as used in England

THE Royal Arms are arranged rather differently in England and in Scotland, giving greater prominence in each country to its own national elements.

Royal Arms as used in Scotland

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S COAT OF ARMS

Denmark

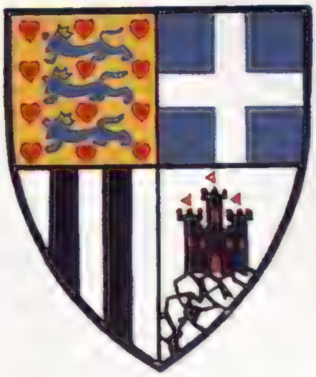
Greece

Mountbatten

Edinburgh

THE Duke of Edinburgh belongs to the same great Royal Family as the present Kings of Denmark, Greece and Norway.

With the Royal Arms of Denmark and Greece (his father's family), his Royal Highness quarters the arms of Mountbatten (his mother's famous family), and also those of the Royal city of Edinburgh, from which the Duke derives his title.



Duke of Edinburgh

This remarkably clear explanation of the constitution of the Royal Arms is adapted from *Simple Heraldry*, by Iain Moncreiffe and Don Pottinger (Nelson ; 10s. 6d.)—the most fascinating and lucid guide to heraldry in general that has yet come our way.

THE DAWN OF A NE

Specially painted for "THE S

W ELIZABETHAN AGE

KETCH " by John Hargrave.

THE CORONATION OF THE FIRST ELIZABETH

History records that, in order that the Coronation of Elizabeth I. might be done with greater magnificence, the Customers of London were appointed in November 1558 to "stay all crimson coloured silk as should arrive within the Port until the Queen should first have her choice towards the furnishing of the Coronation."

It was the custom for the Sovereign to sleep at the Tower on the last night before the great day, and, *above left*, our artist depicts the Queen proceeding by water from Whitehall to the Tower on January 12th, 1559. *Above right:* The Queen kneels in the Abbey to present a golden altar-cloth and an ingot of gold, the latter being received by the Primate in a golden basin. *Below left:* The Procession passing from Westminster Abbey to Westminster Hall. *Below right:* The entry into Westminster Hall of the Sovereign's Champion who, mounted and in full armour, challenged any who might deny the monarch lawful right to the throne.

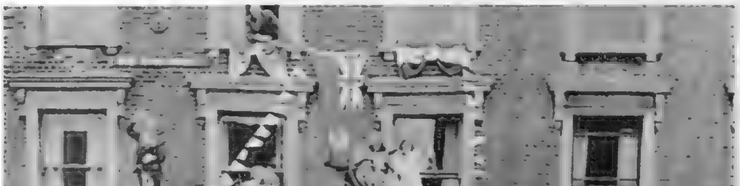
Specially painted for "THE SKETCH" by Ellis Silas.

AT ST. PAUL'S

When the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh arrived at St. Paul's Cathedral for the Coronation Thanksgiving Service on June 9th, they were greeted affectionately by Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret, who had arrived a few minutes earlier. Sir Winston Churchill read the Lesson and the Archbishop of Canterbury preached the sermon. The thanksgiving section was conducted by the Dean of St. Paul's, and some of the prayers were led by Dr. Hugh Martin, Moderator of the Free Church Federal Council.

NORTH-EAST: Cheering East-enders lined the streets on June 3rd to greet the Queen on the first of her Coronation drives round London. Despite the cool day her Majesty and the Duke of Edinburgh travelled the whole way in an open car.

NORTH-WEST: The weather was brighter and sunnier for the second drive on June 4th, and there were thousands of excited children along the twenty-mile route. Here, doctors, nurses and patients of University College Hospital crowd together to see the Royal couple.



SOUTH-EAST: Down the Old Kent Road went the Royal car on June 8th, as the Queen drove right through the homeland of the Cockney, the coster and the pearly kings and queens, out to Eltham and Blackheath, nearly nine miles from the Palace.

SOUTH-WEST: The last of the drives, on June 9th. The faces of some of the nurses and patients of King's College Hospital were reflected in the window beside the Queen, as Sister Myra Rae helped little Geoffrey Wilkinson of Streatham to present a bouquet.

THE QUEEN TOURS HER CAPITAL

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Chris Ware.

THE ROYAL TOURNAMENT

The massed bands are picked out by the spotlights during the pageant by Commonwealth and Dominion troops at Earl's Court. This year the Tournament became a truly Royal occasion when the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh attended the full-scale opening on June 10th, the Duke's thirty-second birthday. Regular spectators will miss the Musical Ride by the Household Cavalry which is replaced this year by an Activity Ride owing to their commitments for a dozen major State occasions. But there is something new in this year's programme: a display by the Mounties who came to England for the Coronation. The Royal Tournament continues until June 27th.

CORONATION

FIREWORKS DISPLAY ON THE THAMES.
Coronation night got under way with a bang as fireworks from the specially-staged South Bank display cascaded over the illuminated banks of the Thames, where thousands gathered to enjoy this fitting finale to the great day.

PARTY FOR TWO.
Miss Joanna Smith-Bingham, Mr. Anthony Montagu and Mr. Ian Cameron were among the 380 guests at a dinner-dance at the Dorchester on May 28th. The party was given by Mrs. Ernest A. Simpson and Mrs. Ronald Mark for their daughters, Miss Lucinda Leveson-Gower and Miss Gwenda Mark.

COMING-OUT DANCE.
A coming-out dance for his daughter Serena was given at Great Missenden on May 30th by Mr. Ralph Sassoon, seen here with Mrs. Sassoon (*left*), Miss Serena Sassoon and Miss Sybil Sassoon.

WHIRLIGIG—1

EVE-OF-CORONATION BALL.
Guests at the Assembly Rooms Ball in Edinburgh on June 1st toast the Queen in response to a proposal from Admiral Longley-Cook for all present to "splice the mainbrace" to her Majesty in traditional naval manner.

PRIVATE DANCE.
On June 3rd, Mrs. Greville Collins gave a dance at the Dorchester for attractive Miss Thalia Collins, seen *on the right* with a friend. With them are, *l. to r.*, Mr. David Watts, Mr. David Craggs, and Miss Sis Bunting, a Coronation visitor from Toronto.

THE GREENJACKETS' CORONATION BALL.
The Drum Major snapped to attention and guests at the Greenjackets' Ball at the Hurlingham Club on June 3rd applauded as the massed Pipe Bands of the Brigade of Gurkhas brought to an end a brilliant recital given in the grounds of the Club.

AMERICAN HOSTESS AT LONDONDERRY HOUSE.
There was a very distinguished guest list for the dance given at Londonderry House on June 3rd by Mrs. Perle Mesta, former U.S. Ambassador to Luxembourg. *Left :* The Duke and Duchess of Sutherland arrive, followed by Mrs. Gerald Legge. *Centre :* General and Mrs. Matthew Ridgway with Mrs. Mesta. *Right :* Mrs. George Tyson (*left*) with her sister Mrs. Mesta, with whom she was joint-hostess.

CORONATION

ANGLO-SWEDISH RECEPTION.

Prince Bertil of Sweden with Lady Zia Wernher (*left*) and Mme. Hägglöf, wife of the Swedish Ambassador, at the Anglo-Swedish Society's reception at the Dorchester on June 4th.

AT LE BAL ROYAL.

Lady Victor Paget stopped to joke with Mr. Harold Payne and Mrs. Michael Lewis at Le Bal Royal in aid of the British Sailors' Society, at the Dorchester on June 4th. A substantial sum was raised for the charity on this gay occasion.

LINCOLN CORONATION BALL.

The Mayor of Lincoln, Councillor R. E. Seely, and Mrs. Seely, with the Sheriff of Lincoln, Mr. R. E. M. Coombes, and Mrs. Coombes, at the Lincoln Coronation Ball at the County Assembly Rooms, Lincoln, on June 5th.

Above :

UNIVERSITIES' BALL.

A happy picture of some of the revellers at the Universities' Coronation Ball, presented by the Intervarsity Vacation Club at the Royal Festival Hall on June 4th.

Left :

BARON'S CUP MATCH.

The Duke of Edinburgh, *right*, in action during the Baron's Cup Match between Cowdray Park "A" team, for whom he played, and Polo Cottage team, led by Mr. Billy Wallace, at Cowdray Park on June 7th.

WHIRLIGIG—2

CHILDREN'S CORONATION PARTY.
Fourteen-year-old Maureen Atkins was "crowned" by Father Douglas Lott at the Swinbrooke Road, Kensington, Coronation party on June 6th. Festivities included bus tours of the Coronation route, conjurors and clowns, and a wonderful, never-to-be-forgotten feast.

AT LONDONDERRY HOUSE.
Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother received Captain and Mrs. Mohamed Ali, of Malaya, at the British Empire Service League's reception at Londonderry House on June 9th.

SHARING A DANCE.
A delightful picture of Lady Mary Lindesay-Bethune and Miss Gillian Cecil at Claridges' Hotel on June 9th at a joint dance given in their honour by their mothers, the Countess of Lindsay and Lady Mary Burghley.

★ AT THE THEATRE ★

with J. C. TREWIN

Venice Preserv'd

(*Lyric, Hammersmith*)

HERE is a play preserv'd. John Gielgud (whose knighthood is an honour to the theatre he adorns, as well as to a noble classical actor) has now rescued from the shelf a once-famous Restoration tragedy. He and Peter Brook have been penetrating enough to realise that, however Otway's play may read now—and its text is not meant for hard labour in the study—it is still an almost fiercely exciting actors' piece. From curtain-rise at Hammersmith we knew that Otway, neglected for nearly 100 years, had conquered again. At the end someone in the gallery shouted "Magnificent!" And I would be the last to deny the word.

The play's second title is *A Plot Discover'd*. It is a plot against the Venetian state ("a factious, giddy and divided Senate is all the strength of Venice; let's destroy it"). Jaffeir, brought by Pierre into the conspiracy, betrays it and betrays his friend at the entreaties of his wife, Belvidera. He has something of Brutus in him, though he is a much weaker man; it has been well said that it is almost as if Brutus had disclosed the plot to his Portia and yielded to her appeal.

But, parallels and echoes aside, how does the tragedy act? We have heard the answer: magnificently. Verse that lies lazily on the page has a fine ring when it is spoken by Gielgud and Paul Scofield. Eileen Herlie thrusts bravely at Belvidera, sane and mad, as though she had the ghost of the Siddons at her shoulder, urging her on. Pamela Brown's Aquilina is a raging fury, red in tooth and claw. But the night belongs to Gielgud, Scofield and the producer, Peter Brook. Many of the great actors of the past have been renowned as Jaffeir or Pierre; indeed, Byron (in lines from *Childe Harold*) puts Pierre with "Shylock and the Moor" among the imperishable memories of Venice, "the keystones of the arch."

London is beginning at last to realise, with little gasps of astonishment, that Paul Scofield is a versatile actor. Playgoers, remembering his Richard the Second and his affected Witwoud, listen with surprise to the diction—like a white-hot sword-thrust—of his Pierre. Versatile, certainly; and there is really no need to be surprised. This First Player among our younger actors was appearing at Stratford-upon-Avon, years ago, as Hamlet, Don Adriano de Armado (and what a masterly performance that was!), the Clown in *The Winter's Tale*, Mercutio, Troilus, Cloten, Henry the Fifth. London will get used to Scofield's transformations; meanwhile his Pierre, boldest of rebels, is another major portrait.

So, too, is Gielgud's Jaffeir, the man passionate, weak, impulsive—here the adjectives stream—who is swayed by his wife, and who atones for all with two dagger-thrusts upon the scaffold. (In this play it is as if we saw a dagger ever before us, "the handle towards our hand".) Gielgud keeps Jaffeir strongly in the mind. Many years ago a Shakespearean performance was praised for "the flowing urgency of its thought," and it is this that we find now in Jaffeir.

Peter Brook has staged the piece excitingly without the smallest fumbling for effect; and Leslie Hurry's sets, from sombre canal to the vast spaces of the Senate House, create and hold the atmosphere of the play and of the city: that Venice of which Byron wrote: "Perchance even dearer in her day of woe than when she was a boast, a marvel, and a show."

Guys and Dolls

(*Coliseum*)

ALTHOUGH never an expert reader of Damon Runyon, I have often wondered how his guys and dolls—but specially his guys—would transplant themselves to the theatre. Now they have arrived in a musical comedy (with Frank Loesser's music and lyrics) that shows how the gambler, Sky Masterson, ends remarkably—several crap-games intervening—as a member of the Save-a-Soul Mission. How deplorably flat that sounds! You cannot pin a Runyon plot to the paper, and it is of no use to flounder in laborious pastiche. The simplest thing to say about this musical piece is that it is nonsense, richly-accented, that

JOHN GIELGUD, now playing Jaffeir in Thomas Otway's *Venice Preserv'd*, at the Lyric, Hammersmith, was gazetted as a knight in the Coronation Honours List on June 1st, and on that evening the Lyric audience stopped the show with their applause when he made his entrance.

swirls (a part-author of the book is Joe Swerling) around Broadway, Times Square and Havana, on a laughing tide of music. "If a guy enters a restaurant," says someone, "it looks nicer if he has a doll behind him." The guys and dolls divide the honours of a night noisily cheerful. I do suggest that some of the artists should watch their diction, project themselves more audibly. The American language is not simple. Sitting, as I was, on the ultimate rim of the vast Coliseum ground floor, not all of the dialogue reached me. Maybe the gallery—which, at the première, seemed to be bothered about something—had its own hearing troubles.

This aside, it is a slick and amusing entertainment, well done by all concerned (Vivian Blaine, Sam Levene and Jerry Wayne are the American leads), and especially by Lizbeth Webb, whose name, as one of my colleagues has said, should be printed upon the cover of the programme in the same type as that given to the other principals. The present practice is odd. Still, why rock the boat? I can only say with enthusiasm, "Luck be a Lady": this is a far better entertainment than its two forerunners at the Coliseum.

The Seven-Year Itch

(*Aldwych*)

THE author, George Axelrod, calls this a "romantic comedy." It is happier to think of that than of the lamentable title which must (I am afraid) warn off many playgoers. The piece itself turns out to be a mild affair, a set of charades in which a guy called Richard, who has an apartment "in the Gramercy Park section of New York City," entertains a doll—a girl from upstairs who first attracts his attention when she nearly brains him with a heavy iron plant-pot. We do not get much further. It is hot weather in New York; and I presume that, during a heat-wave, dwellers in the Gramercy Park section are subject to these queer fancies. Some of the action passes in Richard's mind, some not. Some of it is crisply amusing, some not. We do not much care what happens; but there is pleasure in the adroit production (John Gerstad's) and the equally adroit performances by Brian Reece and Rosemary Harris.

Mr. Reece is on the stage for nine-tenths of the night without losing his resource for a moment, or allowing us to grow weary of him. Rosemary Harris, the girl from upstairs, shows that she is an actress of likeable invention and goodwill. Nobody else has much to do except Alexander Gauge. His plump psychiatrist is so uncannily like a man I have not met for eight or nine years, that it was all I could do to save myself from running down to the stage and having a brisk chat with him.

Happy as a King

(*Princes*)

I WISH I had been. It seemed to me, during a hot evening, that some pleasant folk were working to death a jest upon which, unexpectedly, I had intruded. We were in the state of Illyria, which has nothing to do with *Twelfth Night*: it is, as it were, Ruritania with a seaboard, and it has a Princess Juliet, and a King (Fred Emney) who has been elsewhere for a good many years, in a café band. Mr. Emney, as we know, has a beguiling way with him, especially when he lights his cigar from a bomb, and when another bomb, exploding beneath him, leaves him totally unconcerned. But he repeats his mannerisms; they do not fill out an evening. For the rest, Shani Wallis sings with unruffled charm (the Ross Parker tunes are the best things in the piece) and a number of enthusiastic young people dance.

Twelfth Night (*Open Air*)
Hamlet (*Embassy*)

MANY happy returns to Robert Atkins. He is well placed in a new Elizabethan age. No one looks happier in Sir Toby's costume, and he leads the Illyrians briskly in a coming-of-age revival that celebrates the first performance in the Open Air Theatre on that hot summer day in 1933. Soon somebody should write the record of the twenty-one years in the Park; and why not Mr. Atkins himself? His present revival has the understanding we expect; I recall it especially for the performance of a young actress, Jennifer Wilson. Her Viola—touching and true, and with a pleasant glint of humour when it is needed—begins a career in which, so I feel, she will presently be lodged in the West End theatre. Mr. Atkins's skill in choosing his young players has been proved over and over again. This Viola is something to be collected.

So, also, is Laurence Payne's Hamlet. He should have more than the end of the week's notices. Payne is a practised Shakespearean. Here he brushes away the cloudy nonsense that has gathered about the part and acts it with a wise directness. We may hold that he makes up his mind too quickly, but there are other qualities in his performance—his tenderness, for example, and his grace: he is, indeed, the expectancy and rose of the fair state, and he distinguishes a pleasantly unassuming revival. Paul Daneman (Laertes) and Richard Gale (Horatio) are other actors to watch.

An incredible "delinquent" trio: Laurence Olivier, John Mills and John Gielgud stopped the show with their side-splitting "spiv" song-and-dance act.

Noël Coward giving his witty and vivid version of Cole Porter's advice on falling in love.

STARS AT MIDNIGHT

The gala night of world-famous stars held at the Palladium on May 28th, in aid of the Actors' Orphanage and the J.N.F. Charitable Trust, will be remembered as one of the best-planned and most memorable performances of recent years. Leading players from all branches of the profession took part, and highlights were provided by such incidents as David Niven acting as an usher and Robert Morley, Kay Hammond, John Clements and Douglas Fairbanks acting as compères. The venture was a huge success, and raised more than £19,000 for the two charities.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Houston Rogers.

Hermione Gingold and Dame Edith Evans as the two old ladies who while away a journey on the *Orient Express.*

Ghislaine Alexander, Jerry Desmonde, Elizabeth Allan and Gilbert Harding in a specially prepared version of *What's My Line?*

Vic Oliver, *right*, opens the second half of the programme by introducing the celebrities as they dance past on the stage, or sit at tables drinking champagne, to give an authentic night-club atmosphere to the proceedings.

★ AT THE CINEMA ★

with C. A. LEJEUNE

The Beggar's Opera

(*Rialto*)

SO it has been filmed at last !—that astute showman, Herbert Wilcox, has taken up the subject that timider producers have considered and discarded. There is nothing timid about Mr. Wilcox's approach to *The Beggar's Opera.* Faced with the task of making a modern cinematic version of a ballad opera 228 years old—a work that was written with deliberate simplicity as a satire on the extravagant Italian operas then in vogue—he has simply gone his own sweet way, and thrown into the film every talent, distinction and adornment he could find. The result is not the film of John Gay's opera ; it is a free adaptation of it. But what an exciting and captivating entertainment !

The story, of the over-" fond " highwayman who gets caught, and almost hanged, because he is such a sucker for women, is basically Gay's. So is the irrational ending. " But, honest Friend," objects Gay's Player to his Beggar, as the bell tolled for Macheath's hanging, " I hope you don't intend that Macheath shall be really executed ? "

> *Beggar :* Most certainly, Sir. To make the Piece perfect, I was for doing strict poetical justice. Macheath is to be hang'd, and for the other Personages of the Drama, the Audience must have suppos'd they were all either hang'd or transported.
>
> *Player :* Why, then, Friend, this is a downright deep Tragedy. The Catastrophe is manifestly wrong, for an Opera must end happily.
>
> *Beggar :* Your objection, Sir, is very just, and is easily remov'd. For you must allow, that in this kind of Drama, 'tis no matter how absurdly things are brought about. So—you Rabble there—run and cry, " A Reprieve ! "—let the Prisoner be brought back to his Wives in Triumph.

Although the dialogue is altered, the action is precisely what takes place in the film. The entire cast of thousands (or so it seems) run and cry, " A Reprieve ! " and the picture, which has taken us grimly to the very foot of the gibbet, and has put the black blindfold over the condemned man's eyes, ends in a tumult and tumble of jubilation.

The tunes (most of them) are the simple traditional airs that John Gay, himself a simple man, and an amateur performer on the flute, picked up from the English and Scottish folk-song of the period, and the cruder ballads of his friends the beggars of St. Giles. The melodic line is the same as the one Dr. Pepusch sketched out for the opera in 1728. But, with modern arrangement, harmonising, and the playing of a big, up-to-date orchestra, the *effect* is quite different.

What Herbert Wilcox and his co-producer Laurence Olivier have done, is to take this still astonishingly vital entertainment, and entrust it to persons who can make it freshly exciting in every field. Additional dialogue and lyrics have been written by Christopher Fry. Sir Arthur Bliss has arranged and amplified the score. Sir Laurence Olivier, apart from his share in the production, not only plays and rides, but actually *sings* the highwayman Macheath, in something considerably better than a bathroom baritone.

Stanley Holloway, as the Newgate gaoler, Lockit, is the only other acting member of the cast who sings his own songs (and right fruitily he does so). The rest of the voices are dubbed in by professional vocalists, most of them with grand opera experience ; and it is one of the film's shrewdest touches to have so scaled the voices of Covent Garden calibre that they never make the amateurs seem amateur, nor the players of simple parts appear to be singing otherwise than simply.

Adele Leigh's apparently artless soprano is beautifully matched with Dorothy Tutin's apparently artless Polly. Jennifer Vyvyan's brilliant mezzo-soprano tones give the right coppery glint to Daphne Anderson's Lucy. Edith Coates sings for Mary Clare as Mrs. Peachum ; Joan Cross for Athene Seyler as Mrs. Trapes ; and the combination could hardly have been happier. There is only one moment —just one surely forgivable moment—when Miss Seyler and Miss Cross appear to be not one person, but two.

ADORABLE CREATURES—Andre Noblet (Daniel Gelin) with one of his pre-marital loves, Minouche (Martine Carol), in this story of three " Affairs " connected by a fourth which provides the solution " by marriage, of course."

Up to this point I haven't mentioned Peter Brook's direction. Everyone who goes to the London theatre nowadays knows the name, and probably the hall-mark, of this wayward, twenty-eight-year-old theatre producer. Mr. Brook has the reputation of being something of an *enfant terrible* ; a pose that he is inclined to cultivate in self-defence against the danger of being recognised as one of England's most brilliant and original stage talents. *The Beggar's Opera* is his first shot at directing a film since his career at Oxford was cut short as the result of excessive zeal in making an amateur film version of Sterne's *Sentimental Journey.*

I have never been able to understand why no British film producer snapped up Peter Brook years ago. His audacious imagination, his amazingly contrasted effects of grimness and gaiety, of quiet compositions curiously set in a ferment of movement, are qualities that seem invaluable to the screen. In *The Beggar's Opera* he has apparently been given a free hand. The results are startling. The film, without being in any way " highbrow " or *chi-chi*, or tiresomely specialised—in point of fact, Olivier, playing for once with his own face and at his own age, makes Macheath about as popularly romantic a figure as any hero can be—is oddly unlike any other film we have ever experienced. Nothing is just what one expects it to be ; but the surprises cling : they cling most firmly to one's mind.

Genevieve

(*Leicester Square*)

HENRY CORNELIUS' British film *Genevieve* is not to be ignored, modest trifle though it is. It has the same carefree insouciance of *The Galloping Major*, the same simple pleasantries and gaieties, and is just one of those pleasing little comedies that no other country in the world could bring off successfully.

Believe it or not, *Genevieve* is no dewy-eyed young sophisticate, but a veteran motor-car that participates in the London to Brighton Commemoration Run. Its deadly rival is another old crock of uncertain vintage and, Brighton having been reached, the respective owners have a private wager of £100 on the result of the return journey.

This develops into a free-for-all, in which the two drivers do everything they can think of to win the race, short of draining the petrol from each other's tanks.

There are other things, too. There is Kay Kendall, who suddenly decides to show a band at a Brighton Hotel how the trumpet should really be played ; and there is Joyce Grenfell, who has a brief but exquisite moment as a " refaned " seaside landlady There are also a number of pleasing glimpses of the English countryside, even if, like Chesterton's *Rolling Road*, the film is rather inclined to go to Birmingham by way of Beachy Head

Genevieve is a cosy little comedy that it 's difficult not to fall gently in love with.

Adorable Creatures

(*Curzon*)

IF you saw and liked *La Ronde*, you will undoubtedly like *Adorable Creatures*, though you may well think at times that " This is where I came in." For, despite its sparkle and sophistication and its moments of wit, Christian-Jacque's film is more than a little reminiscent of the original inspiration.

Beginning with a shot of a young bride (Antonella Lualdi) and her bridegroom (Daniel Gelin) driving away from their wedding, the misguided young woman asks : " Have you ever loved anyone else ? " " Never, never have I loved anyone else," replies the young groom. " Liar ! " says an impartial and disembodied voice on the sound-track, and a series of flashbacks proceeds to show just how hearty a liar he is.

For he has been irresistibly attracted by members of the opposite sex from the nursery to the altar, including in particular a married woman, a divorcee and a widow.

However, the director has crammed half-a-dozen beautiful women into his production, and contrived as well to be sly and saucy and downright impudent. When you have in one and the same film Martine Carol, Edwige Feuillère, Antonella Lualdi and Danielc Darrieux—*que voulez vous ?* Criticism becomes captious and comment a work of supererogation.

" This is not," says the Synopsis, " a collection of amorous memories, but a satirical comedy in which the little vicious traits generally attributed—by men—to women—idle women—are given plenty of room to develop."

Plenty of bedroom, anyway, in which the elegant sophistication of the acting has every opportunity to expose its charms.

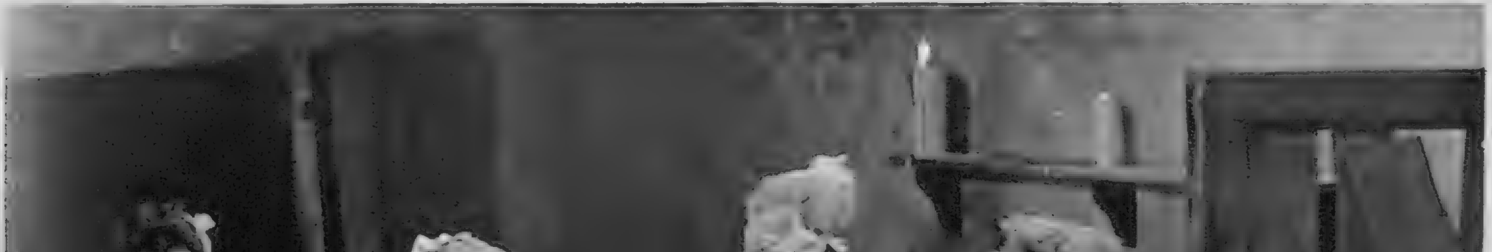
"The Beggar's Opera"

The date is September, 1741, and the scene is the London of Hogarth's paintings of Gin Alley and the Rake's Progress, with coxcombs, cut-purses, hussies and harpies, beaux, bloods and blades crowding the canvas. The film of Gay's famous piece is now at the Rialto, and is reviewed by C. A. Lejeune on the opposite page.

A woman has betrayed him, and in the condemned cell of Newgate Prison Macheath contemplates his sins—and the perfidy of women.

Highwayman Macheath (Laurence Olivier) at his trade on the Heath. A legend with noblemen and riff-raff alike, he has a notable way with the ladies, and it is his dalliance in their company which eventually proves to be his downfall.

Of Lucy (Daphne Anderson) and Polly (Dorothy Tutin) he sings "How happy I could be with either, were t'other dear charmer away!"



In a low tavern where the Gentlemen of the Road forgather, Macheath dances a wild fandango with some of their wenches. On the *left*, Jenny Diver (Yvonne Furneaux) schemes to give him away. She blindfolds him playfully, the constables come, and "Captain" Macheath is led away to Newgate.

With the stately pillars and beautiful chandeliers of the Assembly Rooms forming a fitting background, Mr. and Mrs. L. R. de Notto, *centre*, lead a group of dancers in the Petronella, in true Elizabethan style.

Two New Elizabethans in Old Elizabethan dress sit out a dance to discuss the Society's success : Mr. G. S. Wilkinson and Mrs. A. F. Wigram.

Another beautifully-dressed couple enjoying a respite from the dancing are Mrs. Hans Soffer and Mr. Robert de Notto.

Elizabethans Invade York

The Assembly Rooms in York were the scene of one of the most colourful Balls in the history of the city, when the York Elizabethan Society held its Coronation Ball there on June 3rd. Guests and members of the Society, which is the only one of its kind and was formed only last year, arrived in the costumes of the Elizabethan period, and there was a wonderful air of gaiety among the beautifully-dressed ladies and their escorting cavaliers. This memorable occasion augurs well for the success of the Society, which has every reason to flourish in the new Elizabethan era and will no doubt find many imitators.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by A. V. Swaebe.

Arriving at the Assembly Rooms is Mrs. Hugh Radcliffe. Her pearl-embroidered dress with its high lace collar and slash-sleeved velvet cloak was one of the prettiest there.

Founders of the Elizabethan Society forgather : Mrs. Richard Scruton, Councillor J. Hardcastle, Alderman Richard Scruton (President) and Councillor and Mrs. W. Miles Brown.

The dances were not all Elizabethan : here Mr. H. E. Soffer and Mrs. David Ryott enjoy a waltz.

The laughing cavalier who is partnering Miss M. A. Colman in this picture is Mr. A. F. Wigram, a very dashing Elizabethan.

Right : The dresses were often incredibly lovely, and this one, worn by Mrs. J. A. Arnold, was one of the loveliest. Mr. J. A. Arnold's costume was almost equally magnificent.

Assembly Rooms

More velvet, more brocade, more starched ruffles : three guests enjoying a quiet chat are Miss Betty Swift, Mr. Philip Clarke and Mrs. Philip Clarke.

A brilliantly-costumed group who are thoroughly enjoying the Ball : Dr. R. E. Solberg, Mrs. W. Fieldhouse, Dr. R. F. Stark, Mrs. Joan Fridlington, Mr. W. Fieldhouse (Secretary of the Society) and Mrs. R. E. Solberg.

TALKING OF TELEVISION

By CYRIL BUTCHER

A PLAY TO PONDER . . .

JEAN-JACQUES BERNARD, the French playwright, seems to be a dramatist about whom there is no middle opinion. You either can "take" him, or you can't; you either find him utterly enchanting, or paralysingly boring; you either find yourself floating happily on the whimsical plane on which he writes, or become uncomfortable at the frank sentimentality of his own particular genius.

I am thinking, in saying this, of M. Bernard's *Martine*, which was televised not so long ago. It was hailed, on one hand, as one of the best things ever done, perfectly suited to the medium and a triumph of light, delicate handling. On the other hand, some critics simply hated it.

Now we are to be given another play by Jean-Jacques Bernard, *The Road*, which can be seen on June 21st and 25th. I foresee exactly the same division of critical opinion over it as for *Martine*, and if—as there is every reason to hope—the show (as opposed to the play) is a success, much of the credit will have to be allocated to the producer and the players. You will find in it no dramatic punch to bring you to the edges of your chairs and make you gasp to know what will happen next. *The Road* meanders gently on its course, rather like the road from which the play takes its name.

This is a section of the *Route Nationale* 6, the Paris-Lyon highway, where it runs through Burgundy, a few kilometres north of Chalon. The Road is really the central character of the play and the viewer will see how it affects the fortunes of five people, three who live beside it and two who travel along it. It is a Barriesque idea and one cannot be blamed, when one is presented with a magic road, of thinking of the magic wood in *Dear Brutus*. The parallel is further heightened when one meets young Francine and her father, Michael, fey, dreamy creatures who automatically know the destinations of the hundreds of cars which pass along the road, which they endlessly watch through the window of their cottage.

If you are prepared to accept such a premise then this play is definitely for you and you will be delighted that there is quite a bit more of this sort of thing to come. For instance, Francine *knows* that one day her "Prince" will come along the road, and, sure enough, scarcely has she uttered the words when the door opens and young Robert comes in. Apparently he and his father, Antoine Vanier, a famous writer, have had a car accident at the nasty bend in the road, a little way off. Luckily no one is hurt, though the car is completely burnt out. This piece of information comes from Antoine, a middle-aged man with a restless soul that drives him from one quarter of the globe to the other. Strangely, when he enters the cottage, he finds a peace descending on his spirit and gladly accepts an invitation to stay, for himself and his son Robert, a painter who is feeling an artist's frustration at not finding a subject which inspires him to paint.

There follows a leisurely and innocuous *va et vient* of human emotions which is watched over patiently and not entirely comprehendingly by Elisa, Michael's wife and Francine's mother, who is the only practical one of the lot.

As I said, a great deal will depend on how this play is produced and acted. It is always fatal to predict in show business, but on paper, at least, this side of it looks distinctly promising. The producer is Peter Cotes, who already has some fine work to his credit on television, notably his recent brilliant handling of Beverley Nichols' drama, *Shadow of the Vine*. Mr. Cotes is a producer who concentrates chiefly on the acting of his players and uses his cameras principally as recording devices for the performances of his players—in this case Wilfred Lawson as Michael, Peter Cushing as Antoine, Bryan Forbes as Robert, Ellen Pollock as Elisa, and Josephine Griffin as the Mary-Rose-like Francine.

If *The Road* lacks dramatic punch, this is more than compensated for by television's next operatic offering, Puccini's *Tosca*. Its libretto, by Sardou, Giacosa and Illica, is one of the most bloodthirsty tales ever to be told on the stage. It is a story of passion, love, hatred, jealousy, revenge, ending only when the fatality among the chief characters has reached to such a pitch that there is no point in continuing it. But—and readers will scarcely have to be reminded of this—*Tosca* contains some of Puccini's grandest music; music which plants it securely in the first half-dozen operas of the Italian School.

The cast—as B.B.C. announcers say—is as follows: Tosca, a celebrated singer, Victoria Elliott; Cavaradossi, a painter who loves Tosca, Kenneth Neate; Scarpia, the Chief of Police, who also loves Tosca, Roderick Jones; Angelotti, an escaped prisoner, sheltered by Cavaradossi, Edmund Donlevy; Sacristan and Gaoler, Harold Blackburn. Other parts played by Harold Powell Lloyd and Richard Wood. The London Symphony Orchestra, under the leadership of Thomas Matthews, conducted by Charles Mackerras. Settings by back-projection and Stephen Bundy; production by George Foa. The dates: June 18th and 22nd.

On June 23rd (early morning) her Majesty the Queen will make her State entry into Edinburgh. This will be televised, as will the other ceremonial functions attending her Majesty's stay in the Scottish capital. One of the most impressive will be the procession and ceremony at St. Giles Cathedral on June 24th when the Honours of Scotland (the Scottish Regalia) will be used for the first time in over a century.

CATEGORICALLY SPEAKING . . .

Superb

The Coronation broadcast. If any doubts or prejudices still lingered in the breasts of the conservative-minded, as to the suitability of televising this historic moment, they must have been for ever dispelled by the superb taste and adroitness with which the broadcast was done. If I congratulate Mr. de Lotbinière on a great job, wonderfully done, it is also on behalf of his many associates and assistants.

Good

The Passionate Pilgrim, by Michael Barry and Charles Terrot, produced by Mr. Barry. All I can say is that the promise of a brilliant and shattering broadcast, which these notes contained in a previous issue, were perfectly fulfilled.

All Our Yesterdays. In spite of the quotation from *Macbeth*, and in spite of watching it through the haze of a streaming cold, I rather enjoyed this programme in *The Passing Show* series; particularly Roger Livesey's Lob-like compèring of it.

Indifferent

Serenade for a Queen. A mediocre musical hotch-potch which would have landed in the final category had it not been for Alicia Markova's exquisite dancing of *The Dying Swan* and Elisabeth Schwartzkopf's beautiful singing of Mozart and Lehar.

Downright Bad

Coronation Music Hall. If you provide a variety bill composed of nothing but the top comedians and artists, you cannot help but achieve some sort of effect. But the entire lack of imagination and taste of the presentation was an insult to the viewer and to the great artists who took part.

Within the Next Fortnight . . .

BRENDA BRUCE

Playgoers associate her mostly with the "legitimate" theatre. Now she is to star in two light, intimate revues for television which Bill Ward will be producing. The first of these Summer Revues called What's New *will be broadcast on June 24th and the second on July 8th. They follow very much the pattern set by the highly successful Lyric and Globe Revues which enjoyed long runs in the West End. Most of the original music will come from Ronald Cass and the scripts are by David Climie, Peter Myers and Alex Graham. The cast of eight, apart from Miss Bruce, is to include Wallas Eaton and Louise Howard.*

RAPHAEL KUBELIK

This famous Czech conductor will be appearing in the next programme of The Conductor Speaks *series, on June 26th. He is the son of Jan Kubelik, the great violinist, from whom he inherited his artistry and impeccable platform manner. Mr. Kubelik understandably has chosen a musical programme with a Slavonic accent, and the individual items will be by Smetana, Dvorak, Janacek and Novak. The orchestra on this occasion will be the Philharmonia, a body founded in 1945 by Walter Legge, who set it a perfectionist standard which has attracted the leading instrumentalists of the day to play in it.*

OUR FASHION PORTFOLIO

by Norah Owen

EVENING GLAMOUR

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Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Studio Hanover.

OUR FASHION PORTFOLIO (*continued*)

EVENING GLAMOUR

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Left: A lavish crinoline in the Victorian manner, of white lace, woven with a pattern in keeping with the year, of the rose, the thistle, the daffodil and the shamrock, over an underskirt of palest pink. The bodice and the scalloped edgings of the skirt are garnished with brilliants. From Worth, Grosvenor Street.

Below left: More contemporary in line is this glistening white satin dress, whirling to a wide hem from a tiny waist. The straps are wide, and the dress buttons diagonally down the back with pearl buttons. With the dress is a white tulle boa, a touch of glamour from earlier days. From Digby Morton, Grosvenor Hill.

Below right: An Edwardian-style ball dress, with its enchanting apron front, bustle and train in rich parchment satin. The skirt has an all-round edging of finely-tucked frilling. The bodice is strapless, and embroidered with a wheat motif in gold and brilliants. From Mattli, Upper Grosvenor Street.

OUR FASHION PORTFOLIO (*continued*)

SHEER ELEGANCE

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ROSALIND . . . *A traveller! By my faith, you have great reason to be sad.* IV . I . 16

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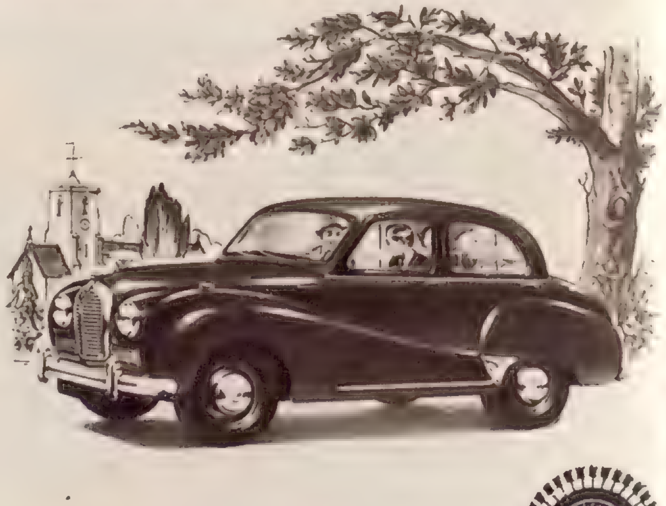

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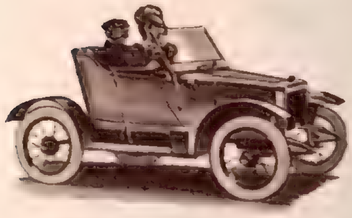

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GEORGE V

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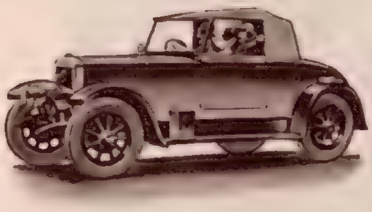
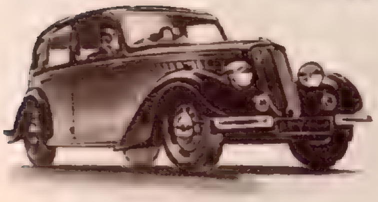


EDWARD VIII



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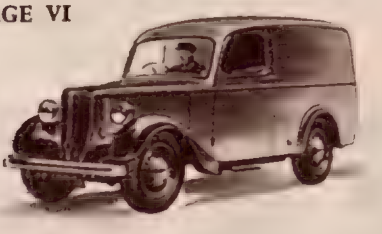

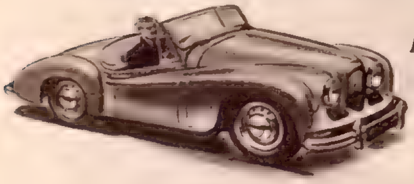

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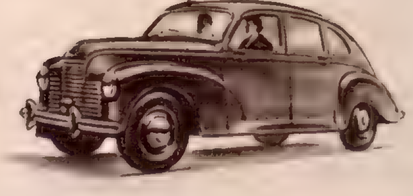

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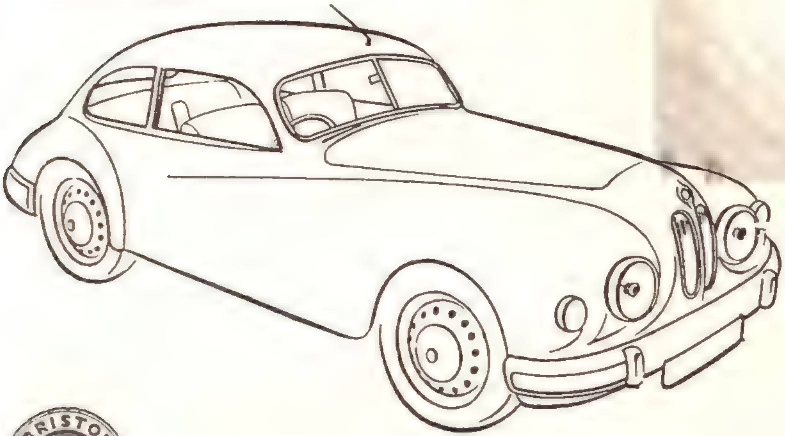

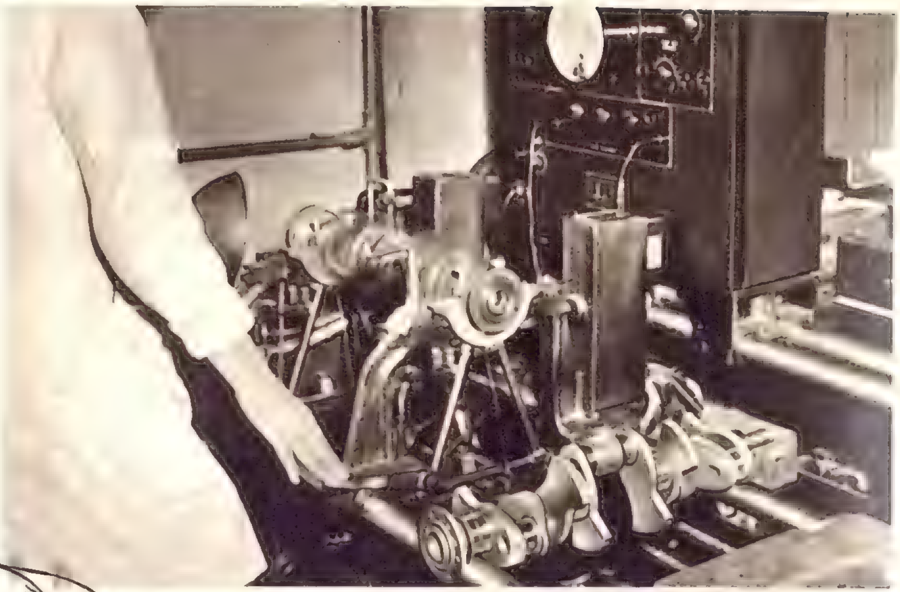

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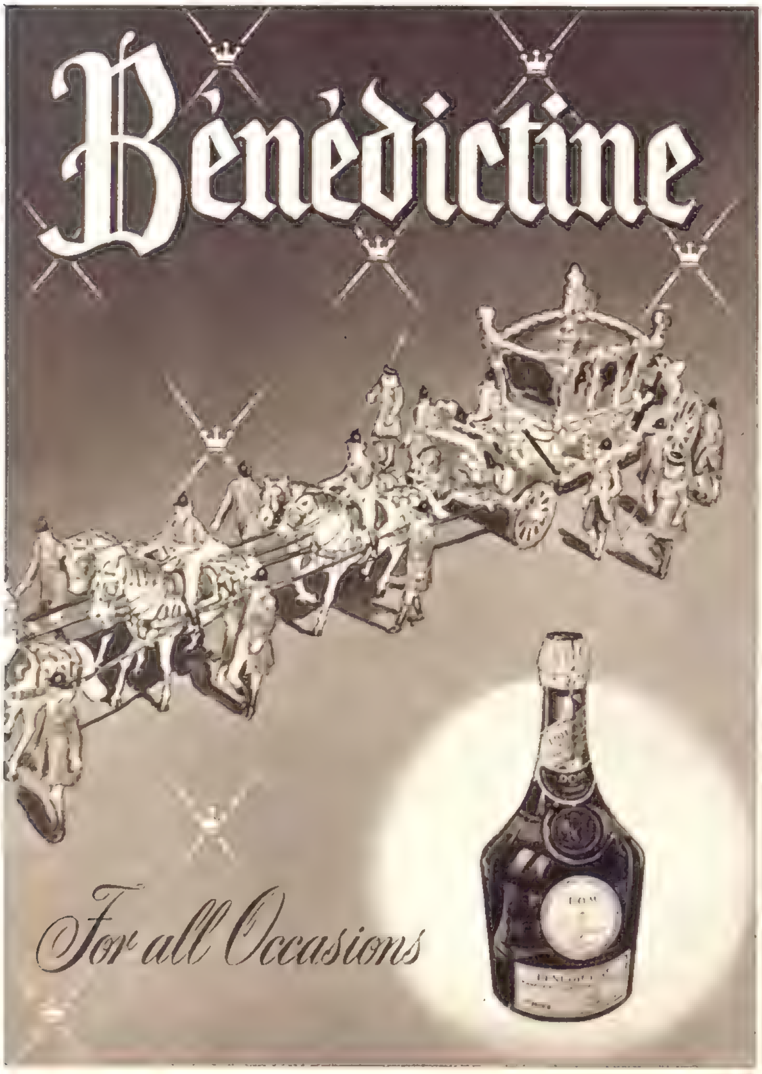

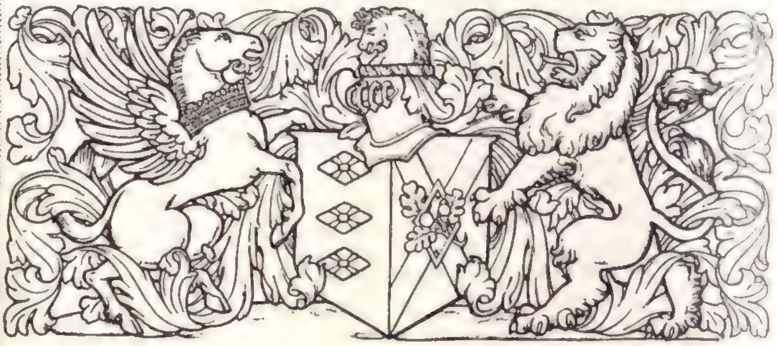

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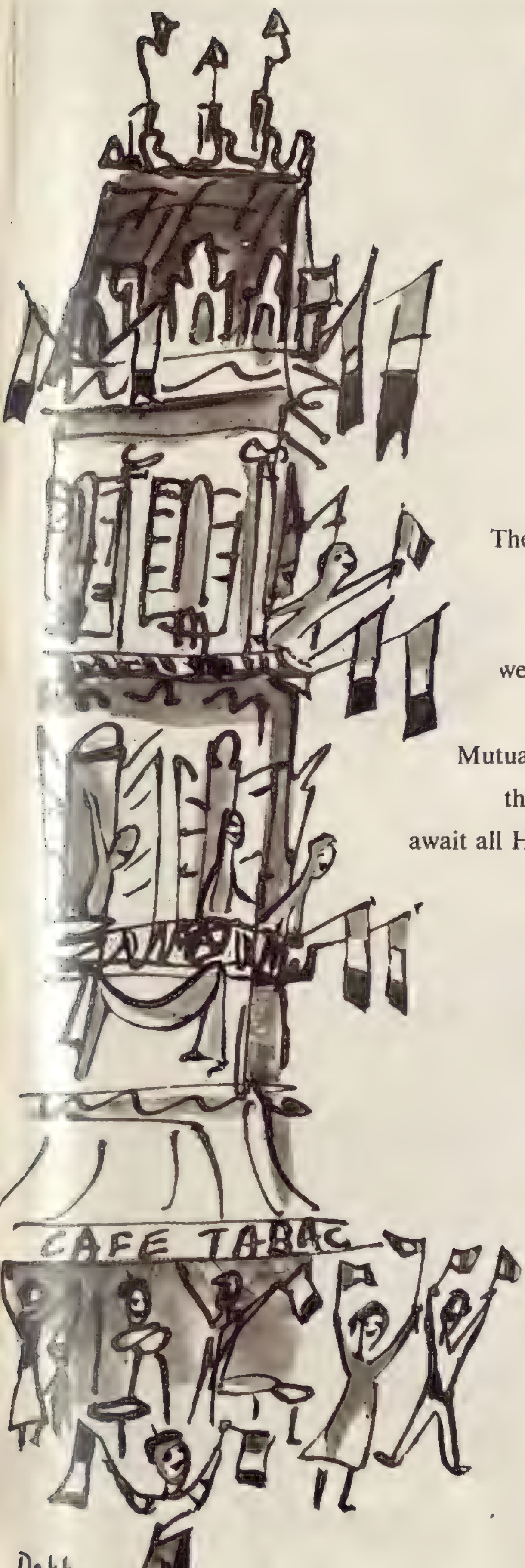

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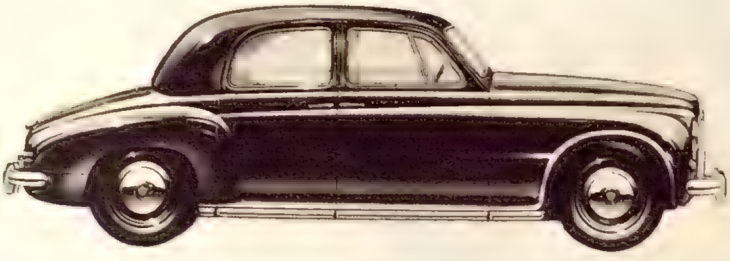

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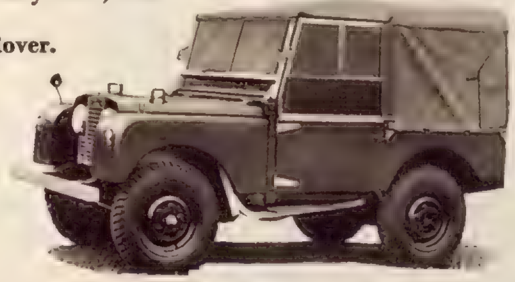

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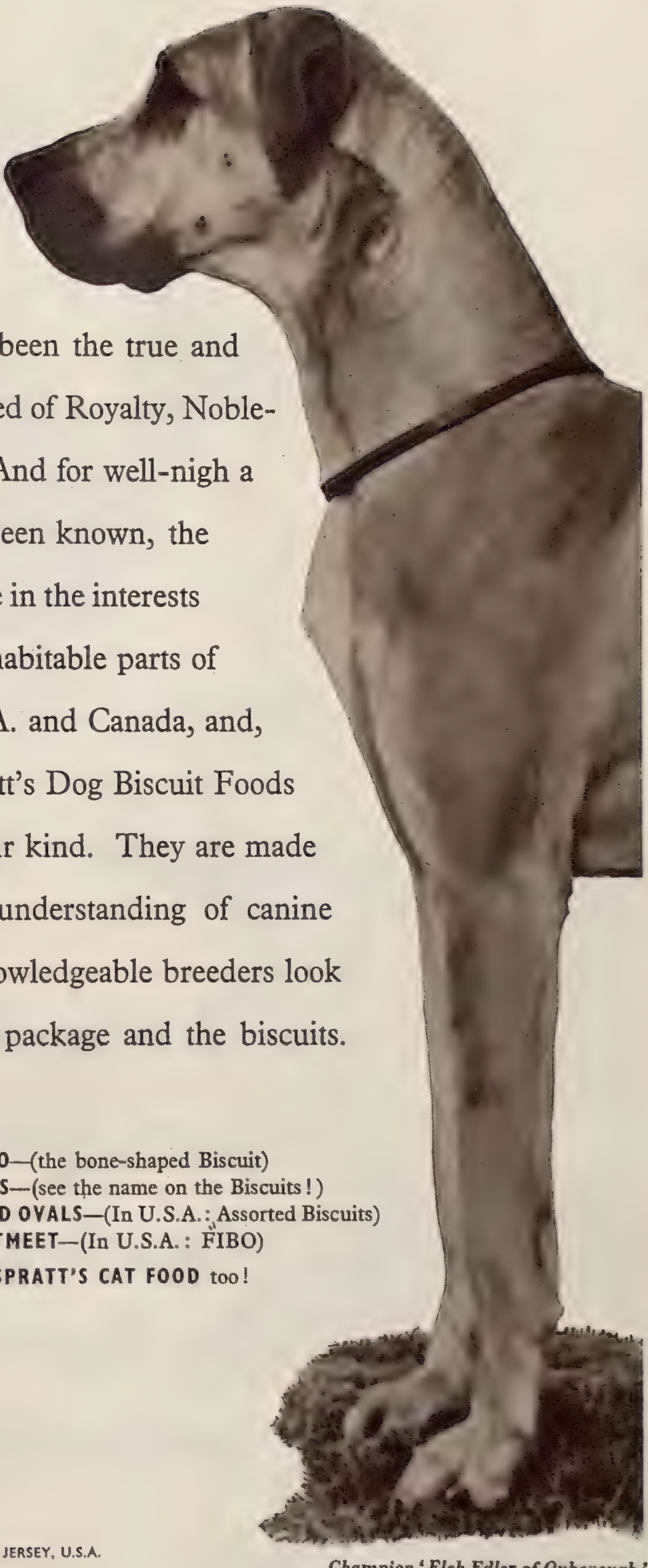

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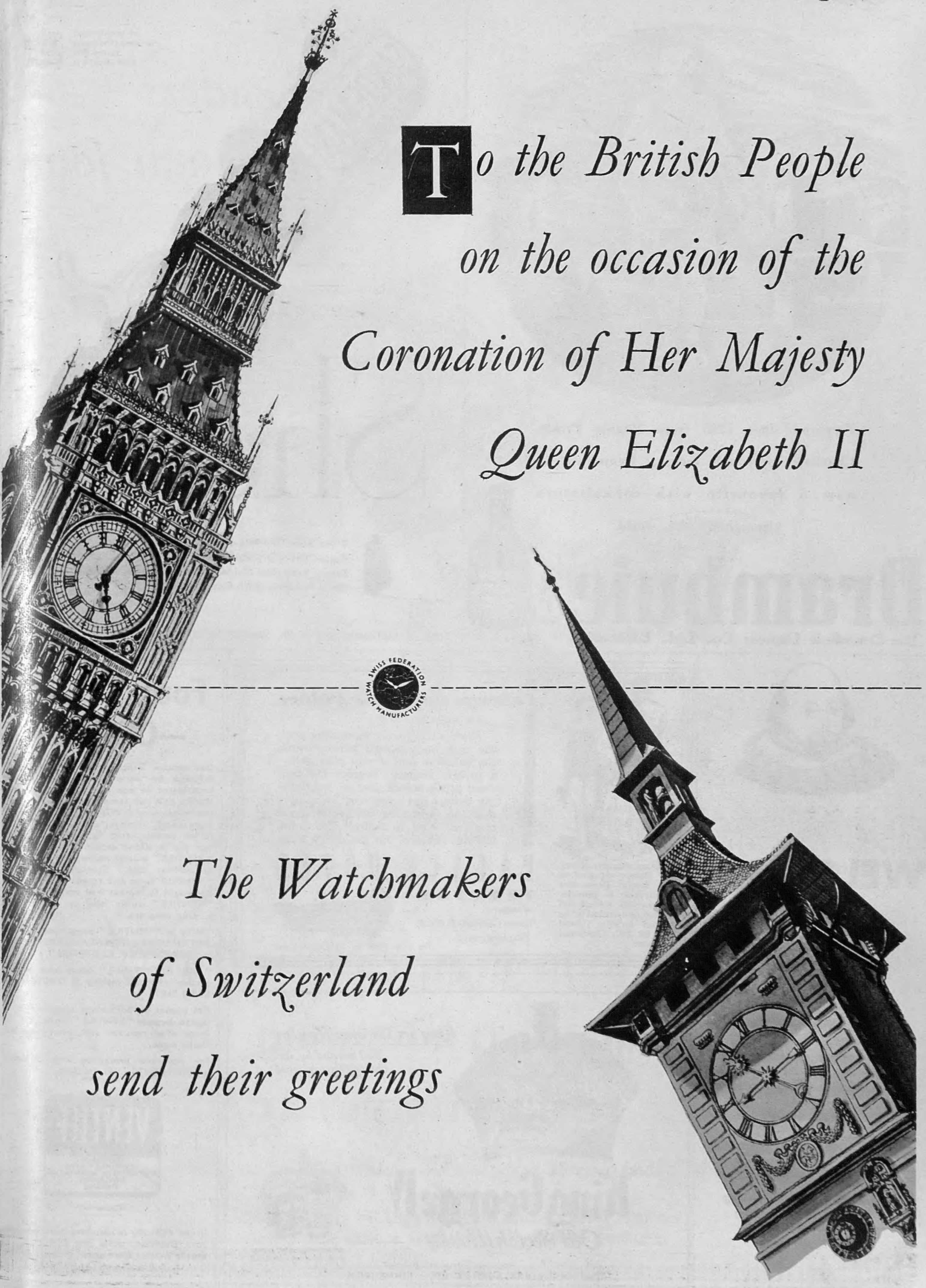
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Printed in England by The Illustrated London News and Sketch, Ltd., Milford Lane, London, W.C.2, and Published Fortnightly at the Office, Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2. Wednesday, June 17, 1953. Re-entered as Second-Class Matter, August 15, 1941, at the Post Office at New York (N.Y.), under the Act of March 3, 1879.
Postage Rates :—Inland 2½d. Canada 1½d. Elsewhere Abroad 3d.